

The American Girl

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Beginning: Nancy Lee Adventures It

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

A magazine for Girl Scouts and Girls who love Scouting

HELEN FERRIS, Editor

ALICE WALLER, Business Manager

Vol. VI

November, 1923

No. 14



We think these Patrol Leaders of Greater Boston are all saying:
"Give The American Girl for a Christmas present."

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Nancy Lee

THE day was typical February. A driving sleet descended on the soggy snowfall of the day before. A murk in the atmosphere lent even to high noon the aspect of early twilight. Nothing more depressing than the semi-suburban streets of Stanleyville on this particular day could be imagined.

So meditated Nancy Lee, standing forlornly on the corner of Packer Avenue in the slush, waiting for the bus to take her home over the other side of town. While she waited, she practiced the precarious feat of balancing her shabby umbrella against the wind (she carried a net parcel-holder bulging heavily on the same arm) while she scanned the half-folded newspaper held in her other hand.

Nancy scarcely knew why she bothered reading the paper under such circumstances. She seldom read a paper, but anything was better than standing there and simply surveying the weather, she thought almost savagely. She had bought the paper for her older sister Elizabeth who was an invalid and all but bedridden. Elizabeth took an inordinate interest in the doings of the day. It was one of her few amusements. That was the only reason Nancy had burdened herself with it on this particular morning.

The paper folded so that only the last page was visible and this contained nothing but the "Wants" column, the "Personals" and Real Estate advertisements. These had, as a rule, absolutely no interest for Nancy, but as her hands were too full to re-fold the paper, she was forced to be content with their meager messages. Suddenly, however, she uttered aloud a startled little "Oh!", took a fresh grasp of her various belongings and read one of the "ads" again, — so intent on its contents that she almost missed getting into the bus which drove up at that moment. All

Beginning Our

Nancy Lee

By AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN

the way home she read and re-read that advertisement, which ran somewhat as follows:

WANTED—to accompany a semi-invalid elderly lady of refinement, on a two-months' trip to Bermuda, a young girl of seventeen or eighteen, in good health and having a High School education, to act as companion. All expenses paid and fifteen dollars a week salary to right party. Must go with unqualified consent of parents or guardians. Unquestionable references will be required.

Miss Miranda Snedeker,
345 Clifton Avenue, City.

At the door of her own home, Nancy tumbled out of the bus, clinging desperately to her accumulated impedimenta, and banged into the house, plunging unceremoniously into the room where her sister and mother sat.

"What do you think of *this*?" she gasped, flinging the paper into Elizabeth's lap and pointing to the "ad" at the top of the column. Elizabeth and her mother read it, bending together over the paper.

"Well, — what of it?" they both inquired gazing at Nancy uncomprehendingly.

It seemed incredible to Nancy that they did not understand. "What do you think of *me* for the job?" she supplemented baldly.

"You — but Nancy —"

"Oh, yes! I knew you'd say 'But Nancy!'" she interrupted hotly. "But do just look at the thing: I'm seventeen, — I'm bursting with health, — I'm just graduated from High School, — I'm used to sick people because I've taken care of Elizabeth so much, — I'd get all my expenses paid and more besides, — and I'm dying to see Bermuda!"

The others were somewhat swept off their feet by the heat and vehemence — and truth — of her arguments. However, they, being human, couldn't relinquish their side quite so unquestioningly.

"But you don't know this woman, Nancy!" offered Elizabeth. "You wouldn't want to go off with a strange woman — one none of us know anything about. Who is Miss Snedeker, anyway? She must live in Stanleyville but I never heard of her—."

"Wait a moment!" interrupted Mrs. Lee. "I believe I've seen a Miss Snedeker occasionally at church. She's a member of the missionary society though she hardly ever comes. But as secretary, I recall her name on the roll, if it's the same one. If it is, she's certainly all right, but even so, Nancy I don't see how



The Gorgon

Mystery Serial

Adventures It

Illustrations by ETHEL C. TAYLOR

we could ever spare you away for two months. Elizabeth needs you and I'm always so busy sewing that I simply couldn't do your work beside."

"I've thought of all that, too!" burst out Nancy eagerly. "We could ask Cousin Lucretia Bently to come and visit for a couple of months. You've always said you'd like to have her, but we never have sleeping room enough when we're all here. If I'm away she could have my bed. And you know she's lovely with sick people and adores Elizabeth. She'd be even better than I am for she isn't so fly-away. But, oh—you haven't heard the reason why I want to go most. It isn't because I'm crazy to see Bermuda and travel. Of course I *am*—I can't deny it! But the main reason is that fifteen dollars a week. In two months I'd have a hundred and twenty dollars. And I want it, when summer comes, to send Elizabeth away to that beautiful rest-cure farm up in Connecticut that Mr. Ellicot told us about. I believe a couple of months there would just about cure her and I've been planning ever since I heard of it, how we could manage it. I believe Providence sent this!"

Nancy's sudden burst of eloquence came to an end, but she had managed to convince her hearers. Elizabeth hugged her in a teary little embrace and Mrs. Lee murmured huskily something to the effect of,—"Well, we can look into the matter later—."

"But later won't *do*!" exclaimed Nancy, who by now was sweeping all before her. "Dozens of girls will be just jumping at that chance. Probably at least that many have applied already this morning! Oh, *why* didn't I get that paper sooner and go there right away? Probably she's got one by now anyway and won't consider me at all." This thought was so appalling that Mrs. Lee had all she could do to persuade Nancy to wait until after lunch when she would herself accompany her daughter to Miss Snedeker's house and assist in the interview. Wildly impatient at every moment's delay, Nancy at length acquiesced.

Later, in the bus, traveling across town to Clifton Avenue, Nancy chattered incessantly. "Just think of leaving this horrible climate and running right into lovely balmy weather and flowers blooming and all



Andy

that! Oh, I wish it were you and Elizabeth instead of me that had the chance! Oh, I do hope Miss Snedeker is a lovely, gentle old lady,—one of those dears that you just love to wait on and fuss with and help!"

Mrs. Lee smiled enigmatically and Nancy, noticing her quizzical expression, immediately pounced on her for an explanation. But Mrs. Lee refused to explain, merely warning her against drawing any extravagant mental pictures in advance. It was not till later that Nancy realized what her mother meant by this.

Miss Snedeker, they found, lived in a rather drearily imposing brick mansion. A somber-looking elderly maid admitted them and, learning their errand, waved them into a gloomy reception room where they awaited Miss Snedeker. It was on her entrance to meet them that Nancy received her first shock. For Miss Miranda Snedeker, far from being the sweet-faced, white-haired, gentle old lady of Nancy's dreams, was a rather hard-featured, determined and very precise person of the type whose age can never be accurately estimated. Her button-like black eyes took in Nancy from top to toe, even as she was greeting Mrs. Lee whom she professed to have remembered from meeting at church activities. It was Mrs. Lee who stated their errand.

"She's the ninth young girl who has appeared to-day. None of them would do. Too flighty!" began Miss Snedeker discouragingly.

"I don't think you'd find Nancy flighty" Mrs. Lee assured her. "She is so used to taking care of her invalid sister that she is almost too inclined to accept responsibility."

"She'll have to assume a good deal if she comes with me" went on Miss Snedeker, coldly accepting the tribute to Nancy and turn-



The Amorys

ing it to her own account. "I realize that I am offering not only an unusual opportunity but also exceptionally good pay for so young a companion. I am not ill enough to need a trained nurse, nor do I care for an older woman. What I want is someone to read to me, to relieve me of the nuisance of traveling cares, and who can wait on me when I am ill and in pain, as I often am. Also one who has sufficient intelligence to manage things when I am incapable of taking charge. It will not be an easy task, I warn you, for I am rather exacting. But there are compensations that should make up for it."

After this exposition she became formidably silent and all three sat and surveyed one another for several intense moments. It would be difficult to describe Nancy's state of mind during this interval. So great was her sudden detestation of this severe and unlovely personality that she wanted only to hurry away from her forbidding presence, whispering, "Oh, no, no! Not for all the beauty of Bermuda and the joy of travel could I endure this!" Only the thought of Elizabeth and the rest-cure farm and that hundred and twenty dollars forced her to maintain a discreet silence.

It was Mrs. Lee who broke the pause at last by remarking, "Then you fear that Nancy will not do. In that case we will not take up your time."

"Wait a moment!" commanded Miss Snedeker. "I didn't say that! She's the only one I've seen who will do and I can't afford to waste any more time than today in interviewing others. We ought to sail next week. Your connections with my own church I will consider as sufficient reference. I have often heard our minister speak of you, Mrs. Lee, and in the highest terms. I would like your daughter to come to me at once and remain with me here till we sail. She will thus be getting used to my ways and can also make herself useful by purchasing tickets, packing, and that sort of thing."

"But I'm afraid I can't spare her until my cousin arrives to take her place with my other daughter," protested Mrs. Lee. "And besides, her wardrobe will need some attention if she is going to travel. I'm afraid she must have two or three days, at least."

"Very well, but don't fuss about clothes. I'm no hand to dress and I couldn't abide a girl companion who is always prinking and fretting about her appearance. She'll have other things to think about in my employ! Good day, Mrs. Lee! I shall expect her on Wednesday or Thursday."

In a daze Nancy reached home and in a daze she drifted, or rather was whirled unresting, through the next two or three days. She could scarcely believe that her wishes had at last come true, her wish to travel, to see a little bit of life outside of Stanleyville, above all to visit the little magic islands of Bermuda of which she had read and heard so much. On the other hand, the vision of the one in whose company she was to accomplish this, of the life she would probably lead, of the demands that would be made upon her almost drove her, twenty times a day, into rushing to the telephone and assuring Miss

Snedeker that she had reconsidered her bargain and only desired to get out of it. Only the thought of her invalid sister and the rest-cure farm prevented.

To her mother alone she confided her doubts and vacillations. But Mrs. Lee wisely refrained from condoling with Nancy on the unprepossessing appearance of her employer. "Miss Snedeker is undoubtedly a very worthy woman," she told her, "even if she is not very attractive. The experience of a few weeks with her will not hurt you and the good you will gain from the trip will more than repay you for some unpleasantnesses. Stick to your bargain, Nancy, is my advice!"

And Nancy stuck. On the following Thursday she went to Miss Snedeker with a suitcase full of present necessities, while a modest little steamer-trunk remained at home, filled with some simple but dainty and summery things hastily put together by the mother whose clever fingers were now supporting the family of two girls.

"Thank goodness I have a sense of humor at least!" murmured Nancy to herself as she descended the stairs. "It's the only thing that's going to help me through all this. Now for the Gorgon!" For by this highly descriptive title had she privately re-named her new employer.

CHAPTER II.

The Gorgon Reveals Herself

It was two weeks later that Elizabeth received the following letter.

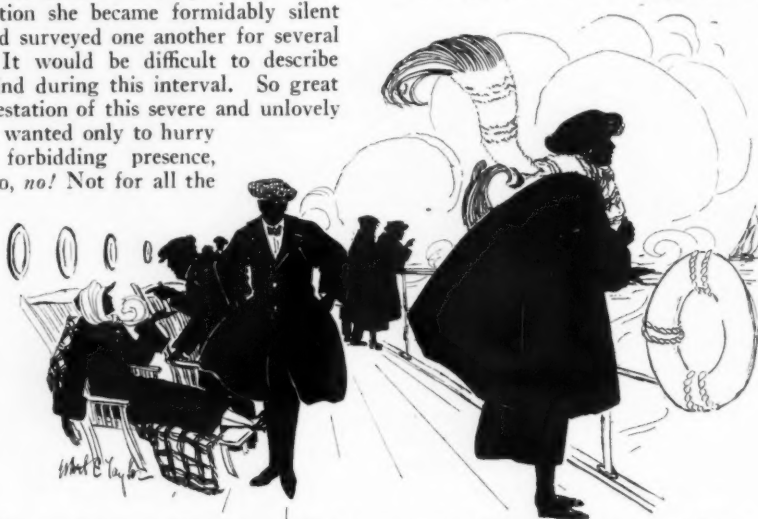
Dearest Betsy,—(it ran)

As everything was chaos let loose before I left Stanleyville, I'm beginning this letter on shipboard, the very first night, so that I can explain things properly. I'll continue it something like a journal till I reach Bermuda and can mail it. Perhaps that's what you'd like me to do all through the trip. It will sort of make a continuous story of it.

Dear sakes alive! Did I ever imagine I'd be writing to you in a six-by-ten stateroom, sitting in the top berth trying to steer my fountain-pen along while everything is at an angle of forty-five degrees! Wow—there goes another lurch to starboard! My suitcase is skipping about the floor like a young gazelle and here are three huge decorative blots on this page!

Well, after many false 'alarms and excursions' we got started this morning. Oh, how glad I am that I insisted on bidding you and Mother goodbye last night—at home! I could never have endured parting with you at the steamer today. Besides, I wouldn't have had a moment to spare for you. Miss Miranda (did I tell you I was to call her that?) nearly had heart-failure before we left the house for the train, for fear we'd forgotten one of her forty dozen different pieces of luggage.

(Continued on page 34)



Thanksgiving Plus

The Story of a Brave Girl

by

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR

Illustrations by F. Z. HUESTON

I.

YOU know very well," said Faith Stanley, "that there is *nothing* to do at Grandmother Cadwallader's except to look at stereopticon views of Niagara Falls. That may suit *you*," she ended as she slammed a bureau drawer shut, "but *I* can think of more thrilling occupations!"

The sister to whom she had spoken, Virginia Stanley, fifteen, and Faith's junior by two years, didn't answer immediately; she was a placid, round, small person who didn't like discussions.

"There'll be awfully good things to *eat*," she suggested mildly.

Faith faced her sister.

"*Virginia Stanley*," she said, as she waved a hair brush for emphasis, "you know very well that you eat too much now! And it shows!"

"Well—," said Virginia uncertainly.

"We're plenty old enough to go to New York, and Aunt Marjy," Faith went on, as she began to brush her hair, "and I was crazy to have a really festive good time, instead of open fields with pumpkins in them and Zeb Martin cluttering in from the barn with slopping milk pails and his boots all over mud! That's exciting, *isn't it?*"

"Grandmother would have been disappointed," Virginia offered weakly.

"We could go there the next Sunday," Faith put in, her voice made sharp by irritation. "That would have been almost the same. I don't know why father *acts* so!" she ended, as she opened a bureau drawer in search of a Spanish comb and then slammed it with more emphasis than was quite necessary.

"It may turn out all right," Virginia, the optimist, hazarded. "Something might happen, you know!"

"In *Centerville*? Faith inquired sarcastically, "or rather one of the *suburbs* of that *humming metropolis*? Yes, something *may*! Someone's cow may get lost, or someone may cut down an old apple tree!"

"Where are you going?" asked Virginia, as her sister now pulled low over one eye a sport hat trimmed with a pheasant feather and fluffed out her hair on the up side.



"*It's not hard, Juliet*," sang out Virginia



A little old lady in a black sateen dress stood in the doorway and

"Over to Rosalie's to tell her of the big idea—"

"Well, I'd be *ashamed* to have any one know I didn't want to go to my grandmother's!" Virginia said.

"I *do* want to go to my grandmother's," Faith answered, "but *not* at Thanksgiving time! That's all. It wouldn't cost so *very* much to go to Aunt Marjy's. I don't see why father wouldn't let us! There—do I look all right? It seems to me this coat sort of hunches up in the back—"

"It's all right," Virginia assured her sister.

Then off went Faith, her small heels making a smart, staccato tune as she skipped down the hardwood stair. Virginia wandered over to the window from which she could see a broad avenue that was lined with elms, pretty even though bare and backed by a gray, sullen November sky that had recently been wet. But she saw nothing of the loveliness of the black boughs that stretched upward. And she did not think of Joyce Kilmer's poem as she sometimes did when she studied the old friends who made shade and comfort as well as beauty in the summer-time. For she was worried, and worry crowded other thoughts from her mind.

Something was wrong. . . . Virginia knew it. . . . Her father had promised the girls that they should have a holiday in New York under the chaperonage of their beloved Aunt Marjy, and he had never broken a promise before.

But only a week past, he had said—and new, tired lines had stood out on his face as he spoke—"Sorry, Chickies, I can't make it. 'Fraid the New York trip will have to wait." And then he had disappeared back of his paper as Faith said, "Oh, *Father!*" . . . Yes, something was wrong, and Virginia *knew* it!

"I wish," she said out loud, "that father would tell us so that we might help him if we *possibly* could."

And then, as she abandoned the window and slipped from her school frock, she thought, "If I could help father, I'd have the nicest Thanksgiving and more to be thankful for than I've ever had before!"

Mr. Frank Stanley had not been both mother and father to his daughters for nothing. In return for his years of devotion and care he had reaped from both girls a love so true and deep that neither of them could speak or even think of it without feeling a little teary. Virginia, to whom expression of sympathy was easier, often said, "Every time I think of what a *darling* you are, father, and of all you've done for us, I have to blow my nose! Isn't that funny?" But—it wasn't! For tears and laughter if not twins, are at least sisters, and both of them are part of love.

II.

The day before Thanksgiving rose with a crisp flurry of snow that blew upon capricious small winds, gathered in hollows, and covered some of the yellowing and browning leaves. Faith, who was still rebellious and whose name was a flat contradiction of her mood—she should have been called the feminine equivalent of "Doubting Thomas," if there is one—rode to the station in silence and on the train retailed with great sadness what they might be doing, even at home!

"A football game," she said, "and Nancy Parmley's party. Just home would be lots better."

Virginia said nothing.

"Of course I want to see grandmother," Faith went on hurriedly, "but I'd rather go to Centerville some *other* time."

Still Virginia said nothing.

"It's snowing again," Faith started. "Wouldn't it be terrible if father couldn't get up to-morrow?"



smiled until her face looked like the prettiest of winter-dried apples

"If it's snowing he'll probably come up on the train instead of motoring," Virginia said, without a thought that the early train might be gone before the snow became earnest enough to be dignified by the name of "storm."

"That's so," Faith said, and then, "Did you notice who was in the drawing room as you passed it?"

"No," Virginia answered.

"Juliet Vance," Faith stated. "And I saw that sad faced woman who's with her all the time! I'd think she *would* be sad, having to stay around with Juliet! Oh, well—I suppose the Vances are having a house-party at 'Oakshade' for Thanksgiving. Stuck up things!" she ended, her mind with that stiff girl, Juliet Vance, who always greeted them with the barest of nods.

"They say she isn't strong, and that that's the reason she doesn't go away to school," said Virginia.

"Probably coddles herself because she has lots of money and all that sort of thing—probably thinks it makes her more *important*," hazarded Faith who was in a bad mood and not to be diverted from it!

Then, because the hour's run was near its end, the girls got up, put on their wraps, and followed the genial porter and their bags to the end of the car. As Virginia slipped a tip into his opened palm, he said with a chuckle, "Missy, if you all steps out like that, first with your right foot, an' reaches out the same time with your right hand, you all *bound* to have good luck!"

And Virginia who giggled easily was still laughing, as Zeb, whose boots had caused Faith's censure, dropped from the farm wagon and came toward them. Faith, in spite of professing great indifference toward the sick little rich girl, would not shake hands with Zeb for fear that Miss Juliet Vance would see it! But Virginia, who was without artificiality, shook his hand warmly, as he, in

his pleasant country way, asked about "the folks" and told of Molly, the cow with the crumpled horns, and of Delia's sciatica.

"Well, if Delia's sick," said Faith, as she sat down between Zeb and Virginia, "grandmother should have told us! It's too much for her, our coming, and it will make too much work!"

"Not a bit of it," Zeb answered and quite as if he were host instead of working-farmer on the old Cadwallader place. "Your grandmother's that tickled! My land, she cooked yesterday till I bet there wasn't nothing left in the house that *wasn't* cooked up with a dash of spice and some currants in it! And the smell in that there kitchen—my landee, it did set a feller's mouth watering."

Before the girls thought it could be, the old white farm house, nestled close to the ground and guarded by huge oaks, loomed ahead. The leaves were gone from the trees, of course, and the hollyhocks that lined the picket fence had long since been carted off. But a little old lady in a black sateen dress stood in the doorway, her hands clasped under her white frilly apron, and she nodded her head and smiled until her face looked like the prettiest of winter-dried apples.

"I thought you'd never get here, dearies!" she called. And neither girl gave a thought to the gaieties of New York as she dropped from the wagon and ran up the brick-edged walk.

Inside, in the big living room, a fire crackled brightly in the big fire-place. Beside it was a table on which was a blue ware pot filled with chocolate that smelled delightfully and tasted better. And near that was a plate of cookies in which were nuts and raisins—cookies which only Grandmother Cadwallader knew how to make!

"This *is* nice," Faith admitted, as she sank down into a wing chair that had been in style and out of style and

was now in again. "I guess," she added with a little remnant of the bad mood with which she had started her day, "that even Miss Vance isn't any more comfortable and happy than we are just at this moment!"

III.

Faith and Virginia went to bed early that night, and the bedroom up under the sloping roof was cold. Ever and ever again, an angry wind would rattle the small paned windows and even billow the curtains that were tied back with cretonne of old fashioned pattern.

Faith, in bed, sat hugging her knees and shivering.

"I was wrong," she admitted, "something is going to happen! I never knew such a wind! I neglected to mention a storm in the things that might occur, didn't I?"

"Yes," agreed Virginia, slipping a rubber band around her big thick braid of hair that she always called, "just an old brown rope!"

"Listen to it!" ordered Faith, which wasn't necessary.

"Wooow," sang the wind with an upward sweep, and "Wooooooooow," down to the depths again!

"Anything might happen on a night like this," said Faith. "Ghosts, or anything, what was that?" she ended abruptly, for a board in the passage outside of the door had creaked and both girls jumped.

"The floor, you silly!" answered Virginia, with an irritation that was unusual to her happily placid nature. "Don't you know there aren't any ghosts except in foolish books?"

"I know," agreed Faith, "but on a night like this—"

(Wooooooooow swept the wind!), "Anything might happen," she ended.

"Shut the cupboard door, will you, Virginia?" she asked. Virginia shut it. Faith was unsatisfied. "Look in it," she ordered, "I think maybe I left my suitcase open and it's bad for the hinges—" And Virginia, sensing nervousness and smiling a little, opened the door.

Then—"Faith!" cried Virginia, in new excitement.

"For Heaven's sake, what?" Faith almost screamed.

"Faith, just look!"

Shivering, Faith got out of bed, one of the comforts wrapped around her and trailing after her. Through a tiny window in the big cupboard that had once been called a "bed-room" she saw what had made Virginia's excitement and outcry.

The sky was red. Sparks were flying up in the black, black night as if hunting the hidden stars. And down below were lapping, angry flames.

"The Vance house!" said Virginia in an awed undertone.

"Isn't that awful!" whispered Faith. "Oh, look!"

For at that moment the flames took a maddened energy, rose high, and settled again. But Virginia didn't look. She had turned back

into the room and was rapidly getting into her clothes. "What are you going to d-do?" asked Faith, her teeth chattering.

"Go over!"

"But what can you do?"

"I can be one section in a bucket brigade," Virginia answered as she put on her coat. (No real fireman ever dressed with greater haste than Virginia did that night.) "You'd better dress," she added, "and come along. And for once in your life, Faith, let the powdering of your nose go!"

After which pertinent parting shot, she was off.

IV.

As Faith fully dressed, stumbled across bared, stubble-filled fields five minutes later, much was happening. For one thing, a girl who had never taken care of herself, and therefore did not know how, was standing at a second floor window, crying: "I can't! I can't." While from below, a distracted governess called, "Dear—! Step out! A ladder's coming, and then you'll be out of the flames—!"

"The pergola will catch from the lower windows," Virginia said in an undertone, "and then her bridge to safety will be gone—"

"Step out," Virginia begged loudly. "It's safe." But the only answer was the wailed, "I can't!" which held in it an eery echo of the ghost-hinting wind of the wild night and was more than a little fearful.

"She's afraid of height," Miss Knightly, the governess, moaned. "I don't know what to do—I don't know what to do—" and she wrung her hands.

"Two of them," thought Virginia. Then she inspected one of the pergola posts and the stout old wisteria vine that twined about it, slipped from her skirt quick as a flash, and in her bloomers climbed like a young monkey, up and up until she stood on top of one of the beams of the pergola and was outlined there, a brave, fine little figure, against the sky which was painted a brilliant red by one of the worst enemies of men.

"It's not hard!" she sang out as she spread her arms like an accomplished tight rope walker and began to walk toward the window. "Really it isn't," (she started to say, "Miss Vance," and stopped; that was too absurd!) "Really it isn't, Juliet Vance," she called, cheerfully. "If it makes you sick, I'll lead you to safety."

She had reached the window by this time, and she smiled at a girl whose eyes were wild from fright. "Come on," she invited in a matter-of-fact voice, and held out her hand. Juliet Vance put hers in it. Then, cautiously, she put one foot over the window sill and on the pergola; next the other foot.

For a moment she swayed, and Virginia felt certain from the fran-

(Continued on page 37)



The Pasture

by ROBERT FROST

*I'm going out to clean the pasture
spring;*

*I'll only stop to rake the leaves away
(And wait to watch the water clear,
I may);*

I shan't be gone long,—You come, too.

*I'm going out to fetch the little calf
That's standing by the mother. It's so
young,*

*It totters when she licks it with her
tongue.*

I shan't be gone long,—You come, too.

From ROBERT FROST's *Selected Poems*

'Melia's Land of Dreams

*"My goodness!" cried Stacey,
"We're going out to sea!"
But just then up came 'Melia
in her queer little boat*

By
EDITH BALLINGER PRICE

Illustration by the Author



"I guess you'd laugh at me," 'Melia said

BEHIND Camp Wegasset wound the shallow inlets of a great salt pond; before it stretched the vastness of the sea. It was a troop camp, little enough to be cosy, but seeming smaller than it really was, because of the bigness of the place it was in. The tents cuddled in cup-shaped hollows of the high dunes, with wind-ribbed sand and whispering beach grass climbing above their ridge poles. Most camps are in pine woods, or beside a lake, or up on a mountain,—but the campers at Wegasset liked theirs best of all. There are so many more stars when there are no trees to hide them, and the snap of a camp-fire sounds all the cheerier when beyond it is the lonely beat of the surf.

The Meadow Park Patrol apparently specialized in crabs. There were infinite numbers of these crabs, scuttling and sidling constantly in the warm, sun-rippled water of the inlets—and the Meadow Larks pursued them, splashing ankle deep. The big ones they roasted over banked coals and ate; the tiny ones—no bigger than a button—they captured by handfuls, and not infrequently dropped one into the pocket of an unsuspecting patrol leader or the blankets of a weary Tenderfoot.

These infant crabs do not nip, but they *tickle*—and the other patrols never seemed to take kindly to them as pets. The Meadow Larks were alone in their enthusiasm. Mac even suggested that they had better change their patrol name to Crabs. (Mac was Miss McKenzie, and Captain at that, but everybody called her Mac—even to her face sometimes!)

"But how could we make a *noise* like a crab for our pass-word?" asked Molly, who was a Tenderfoot, very small and solemn.

"You might pop out your eyes and sizzle," proposed Stacey, whistling through a hard grass stem.

"I'd have to learn that," Molly announced gravely, and retired to a private hollow—there, undoubtedly, to practice popping and sizzling unobserved.

Their patrol leader would have told you that the Meadow Larks chose their name because of that glad flash of song that tumbles up from spring fields, but Stacey explained it by saying that it was because they had larks in meadows, which certainly sounds like a sensible reason.

It was camp free time and the Meadow Larks all lay on their backs beside the inlet with their hats over their noses, completing an excellent coat of tan.

"This bothers me," said Jean, who had to be conscientious, being patrol leader. "If you roast crabs and eat 'em, are you being a friend of animals?"

"Crabs aren't animals, they're reptiles," Stacey drawled.

"They aren't—they're crustycans," shouted Molly, reappearing suddenly. "I read it."

"Well, as nothing's in the Handbook about being friendly with crustycans, I guess it's all right," said Lou, sitting up. "Hullo, there's the Waddlalong, disengaged. Let's engage her."

The Waddlalong was a worthy row-boat of ample and solid build, so named by the Meadow Larks on account of her speed—or lack of it—when under way. The name had, they said, an Indian sound.

"Only four of us can go," Lou continued. "Molly, you and Squib are out of it anyway because you can't swim, so skip along and tell Mac we're going. The rest of us'll have to draw for it."

They drew lots with lengths of beach grass and it was finally Stacey, Lou, Jean, and Bobs, who manned—or *girded*—the Waddlalong and pushed out into the salt inlet. At first they poled the rotund craft across the shallows, her keel bumping; then as she slid into deeper water, Jean settled to the oars.

"If Bobs is ever going to learn to row," Stacey remarked, "she'd better get at it. Do you realize that Home Sweet Home and the advantages of education lie at the end of this week?"

"All right, go to it, Bobs," Jean agreed, surrendering her place. "Oh, step in the middle, do! Ten couldn't upset the Waddlalong, I know, but suppose you tried that in a canoe!"

Bobs was roly-poly and short-winded. When she rowed her oars flew high up in the air and plunged into the water "fathoms deep," as Stacey put it. She worked tremendously hard, and the Waddlalong lurched forward by inches. They had neared the marsh-bordered strait where the inlet joined the deeper tidal reaches of the great salt pond.

"Turn around here, Bobs," Stacey recommended. "Mac would have a fit to see you floundering so near forbidden waters. Make it snappy, before the current gets you."

Bobs gave a valiant pull, and on her next stroke "caught a crab"—not a crab such as the Meadow Larks usually dealt in—but the kind which lands you flat on your back in the bottom of a boat. Bobs' plump legs waved feebly in air and looked so absurd that the others didn't see where the oars were till Jean caught sight of them both drifting rapidly away from the Waddlalong.

"Now you've done it!" she cried. "Oh, Bobs, here's a mess! Do you expect anybody can paddle this tub with her hands?"

They tried with no success whatever.

"I might hop in and swim after the oars," Lou proposed.

"Nothing doing," said Jean. "I don't intend to lose a perfectly good corporal as well as a pair of oars. Let's pull up a thwart and paddle with that."

By the time they had hacked and knocked and wrenched a seat out, the boat had drifted through the strait and was turning lazily in the eddies of the misty outer lake.

The tide was changing; wimpled water pulled the Waddlalong this way and that. The board paddle made little headway against the currents. Jean stood up in the stern and shouted "Wegasset!" until her head ached. It was much too far for a cry to be heard. She wiggled then, diligently, with her neckerchief, but no sign answered from the low line of sand-hills where the tents now showed only as white specks.

"I suppose we'll wind up ashore *somewhere*," Lou said. "We're bound to."

"Unless the tide happens to be setting out, and we go through the breach and out to sea," Jean remarked.

"Shucks!" said Stacey. "That's like you, Jean! All I regret is that we haven't a ration of hardtack aboard. All proper shipwrecks do, don't they?"

"The breach is awfully narrow," Bobs said, "if we really were going out, we could jump and swim ashore."

"Have you ever seen the tide-rip in the breach at ebb?" Jean queried. "It couldn't be did, Bobby. Of course, *you* float like a balloon—but you'd find yourself half way to Europe before you knew it."

The tide *was* going out. A dull wet reddish line showed more and more below the green of the stiff marsh grass where it met the water. All the little swirls and eddies bore in one direction, and the Waddlalong steadily zigzagged toward the breachway where the sea twice a day invaded the big pond.

The four took turns paddling frantically with the clumsy board, but the unwieldy boat only sidled from

one current into another. A freshening wind fretted the surface of the water with flecks of foam, and in the shoal stretches of the lake waves rose quickly.

"It's all very well to say *Be Prepared*," said Bobs, on the verge of a sniff, "but when there's nothing you can do about a thing, what's the use of being prepared for it?"

"You can at least keep your pep prepared," Jean suggested. "Let's sing 'Nancy Lee,' or something."

So they sang "Nancy Lee" very loudly indeed.

"Yo ho, we go across the sea—well, that's true, anyway," Lou observed.

"Likewise 'tis long ere we come back I know," added Stacey. "Oh glory, is the wretched tub going to ship water?" For a cold slap of a wave at that moment came over into Stacey's lap.

"If that's the latest, get busy with the bailer," Jean ordered. Bobs got busy. The breach was unpleasantly near, and the waves grew ever larger. Suddenly Lou jumped forward.

"A boat!" she shouted. "Look! Wave to them! Yell! Do your siren shriek, Stace!"

They all shouted and waved at once, and the boat, which was a very small vessel under a patched lug sail, tacked and ran up toward them. It was a skiff no larger than their own, with a pole mast stepped in the forward thwart, and it careened recklessly as squall after squall boomed into the weathered little sail. With a clever manoeuvre it ran in snugly beside the Waddlalong, and the girl who was sailing it seized the gunwale with a brown hand. Eight other eager hands made the union with the rescuer more complete.

"What's ailin'?" said the girl.

She seemed to be about fifteen. But with her short salty jean skirt and her blown loose hair she might have been younger—or older—it was hard to tell. She looked candidly upon the four grateful Meadow Larks with eyes so blue that they seemed lighter than her tanned face. The shipwrecked mariners explained their sad case.

"You're Girl Scouts, an't you?" their rescuer asked shyly.

"Yes," Jean said, "Wild Rose Troop, Meadow Lark Patrol, Camp Wegasset."

"I guess I thought I'll never see none so close," murmured the girl.

"As if we were a zoo, or something!" whispered Stacey.

"Weel, you all pile into my boat and I'll tow you'n astarn," the girl ordered. "Don't set in the water, now! There! I'll run down to the Island, I reckon; it's closer. My pa has a motor dory, and he kin set you home if he's in from lobsterin'."

After this rather long speech the girl did not speak again, but, when

she spared an eye from the sail and the course, it was to gaze at the golden trefoil that winked on the neckerchief of each Meadow Lark.

The Island was a small sandy spit near the breach, where two or three gray little huts squatted among a tangle of nets and a bright bevy of lobster-pot buoys.

"Pa's boat's out yit," the girl volunteered, as she beached the sailing-skiff and sprang out, knee deep, to haul it in. "He'll be 'long soon, though. Will you set?"

The Meadow Larks sat, in a row on a bench near one of the shacks.

(Continued on page 41)

The Christmas Kidnappers

Look for them in
our December issue



This is the way our New England girls camped at the Eastern States Exposition

Next Door to the Merry-Go-Round!

That was where the Girl Scouts camped at the Eastern States Exposition

HAVE you ever tried to camp next door to a merry-go-round, across the road from a hot-dog tent, on a camp site where, at night, fireworks shot up into the sky to play tag with the stars? Have you ever tried to cook for a patrol with hundreds of people passing by, and far more than half a dozen stopping to ask, every five minutes or so, "What are you cooking?" "How do you make that?" "Is it good?"

If you have never tried a camp like this, you don't know what concentration is! But if you have had a Girl Scout exhibit at your State Fair or your County Fair or at any kind of Exposition, you will realize what the Girl Scouts did who conducted a demonstration camp at the Eastern States Exposition, held in Springfield, Massachusetts, September 16-22, 1923.

At this Exposition, held annually for our North Atlantic States, visitors find every kind of exhibit imaginable from Vermont Maple Sugar displays to Maine Inland Fisheries; from Connecticut vegetables to New Hampshire Holsteins. Each year, our New England Girl Scouts have done their share but this year they were called upon to assist the director of the Exposition in carrying out a special plan. (Our friends, the Boy Scouts, also helped, in the same way.)

Girl Scouts as Teachers

The director was very eager to have camps which would show the hundreds of visitors at the Exposition just how people can go camping and be comfortable and in good health all at the same time. It seems strange to us who are Girl Scouts that there are still many people who are secretly rather afraid of going camping. They don't know what to take along. They don't know how to set up camp. They don't know how to build a fire out-doors. Or how to cook over that fire after it has been made.

If, on the other hand, these same people can see others actually camping, if they can be made to understand how simple camp life is and how easily one can learn

campcraft, they at once become interested in trying it for themselves.

So, wishing to have demonstration campers at the Eastern States Exposition, the director wrote to Mrs. James J. Storrow. Mrs. Storrow, as we all know, belongs to the Girl Scouts because she is a member of the Massachusetts State Council. But she also belongs to the Eastern States Exposition because she is head of its Home Department.

"Won't the Girl Scouts conduct a demonstration camp during Exposition Week?" asked the Director of Mrs. Storrow.

Could the girls *camp* in the midst of the noise and confusion of a large exposition? Could they cook their meals in true woodsy style with the Ferris Wheel turning nearby and hawkers calling their souvenirs everywhere about? Mrs. Storrow thought they could.

"Yes, let's!" cried the girls, themselves, when Mrs. Storrow told them of the Director's request.

An English Guider to Help

But who was to be Camp Chief? With this question in mind, Mrs. Storrow wrote to Miss Christie Booth, an English Guider, who is at present our Girl Scout Director in Auburn, New York. Mrs. A. M. Dulles, Commissioner of the Girl Scouts in Auburn, gladly granted Miss Booth leave of absence to conduct the camp and preparations began in earnest.

The camp itself was simple, as may be seen from the accompanying pictures. Tents were pitched and the Kapers schedule made out, as in all Girl Scout camps. The stove which greatly interested all passers-by, was made by digging a shallow trench, facing it with two layers of brick, and covering it with an old sheet of iron, found upon a rubbish heap. Some day a most interesting camping story will be written about valuable articles rescued from the rubbish heap and what they have done for camp! The chimney of the stove was constructed by placing an earthen tile at one end.

More than once the Girl Scouts were called upon to explain the construction of the stove. More than once they told their visitors that the wash boiler on top of the stove was for the Scouts' daily hot water supply but at meal time, speedily became their double boiler! All meals were carefully planned and were cooked for ten people, with the addition of at least four guests for dinner.

The girls themselves did the cooking under the direction of Miss Booth, who was always to be distinguished by her gay pirate's head 'kerchief. Luncheon was the only meal which the girls did not cook. It was necessary to go out for luncheon because the campers had another part in the daily Exposition program and that was their Morris and Country dances, also especially requested of us.

Doing it as well as talking about it

"Show people what the Girl Scouts can do." This has been the plan of the Girl Scout program each year at the Eastern States Exposition. Last year, as well as this, the Management installed a temporary swimming tank in which life-saving demonstrations were given. The reduction in the number of American swimming accidents during the past few years has been largely due, so the Red Cross authorities have said, to demonstrations such as these by which many people are shown proper caution and conduct in the water.

In addition to their camp, the Girl Scouts had a cabin upon the Exposition grounds. Here men and women, boys and girls could look at Girl Scout posters, Girl Scout handicraft, nature lore exhibits, knot boards and Girl Scouts themselves! For at a long table, facing their visitors, the Girl Scouts busily made baskets.

People are always more interested in seeing something made than in the finished article, alone. A table of baskets will interest some, especially those who have themselves tried to make baskets or who wish they might do so. But let a tableful of Girl Scouts set to work actually winding and twisting the reeds and everyone stops for at least a moment to see what is going on!

For your own Demonstrations

More and more Girl Scouts everywhere are being invited to have a share in State and County fair programs. This demonstration which our New England Girl Scouts so successfully conducted may be transplanted to any fair in any part of the country, since Girl Scouts everywhere are learning to cook out-doors, to pitch tents, and to construct other conveniences which make camp a comfortable place in which to live.

There is perhaps no other kind of demonstration which is so important or so suggestive to those who see it. Save in a few sections of the United States, pioneering as our forefathers knew it is fast disappearing. Shall we who have our comfortable homes, our telephones, our automobiles, become blind to the joys of the out-doors?

No, we shall not. The Girl Scouts, the Boy Scouts,

all the other organizations who are camping each year with zest are returning home with their stories of happy summer days. But we must not forget this—*many people who wish to go camping don't know how.*

This is the reason that, in giving our Camp Demonstrations, we must *show* how things are done. When cooking is under way, do it where people may *see* you. Have ready copies of your favorite and tried recipes to distribute among those who ask about the dishes which you are preparing. To have printed a recipe "dodger" under some such heading as "The Girl Scouts recommend the following for Out-door Cooking" is not a great expense and is splendid publicity. It is the kind of folder which people keep and refer to and, so, the Scouts are not forgotten.

In the January issue of *The American Girl*, the Girl Scouts of Minnesota are to give us their favorite Out-door Cooking recipes. At this time, we shall also hold a contest on "My Favorite Hike Menu." (Yes, we know you would like to hear more about this now. But we are going to ask you to wait until January! This contest is part of a new plan which we have

—a plan which we shall tell you in January, too! Meanwhile, be thinking of *your* favorite Hike Menu and be ready to send it to us in January.)

And when your troop is asked to demonstrate at a Fair or Exposition what you can do, have as your ideal that of our New England Girl Scouts: to do all things thoroughly and well; to concentrate upon the work at hand, even though the Merry-go-round whirl madly and the feather whistles of the hawkers sound shrilly about; to conduct themselves as Girl Scouts, with courtesy to all.

Remember, too, that when you yourselves actually do some part of your Girl Scout work, people will be vastly more interested than in a "still life" exhibit, only.

Memories

by FRANCES KNAPP

Troop 2 — Medford, Mass.

How near to our hearts are the mem'ries of summer
When often we dream of the good times we had!
The sound of the bugle to waken the sleeper
Who buried in covers warm never was glad;
The cool morning plunge as the mists were just rising,
The hikes for the study of nature so pure,
At twilight the sky with its hue ever changing
And e'en the sad notes of the whip-poor-will lure,
The songs and the stories that we can't forget soon
That down on the point we have heard o'er and o'er.

Air: "The Old Oaken Bucket."



Demonstrating our Child Nurse badge at the Eastern States Exposition

The Spirit of Our Patrol Leaders' Camp

To our Massachusetts Girl Scouts goes the honor of having started the first Patrol Leaders' Camp. The interesting story of the camp is here told for you by one of the campers, herself

By PRISCILLA H. WEBSTER

Patrol Leader in Lexington, Mass.

Illustration by Irma Jackson, Patrol Leader in Boston, Mass.

WHEN, in 1921, Mrs. Mundy started the first Patrol Leaders' Camp at Plymouth, Massachusetts, the result was instantaneous, strong, and inspiring. The hearty response from the many, many troops who felt the need of some such movement was enough to insure the success of any Scout Camp. The standards were high, probably higher than any ever before set for a girls' camp, and the ideals were such as to instill into all who came the true meaning of Scouting and what it may mean in the life of a girl.

For a number of years the need of some kind of training for Patrol Leaders had been felt in Scouting circles. There seemed to be dearth of efficient Patrol Leaders and useful assistants in the troops. At least, those girls chosen to fill responsible positions in a measure failed—though through no fault of their own—to fulfill some of the obligations of their office. Principally for this reason the first Massachusetts Patrol Leaders' Camp was started and the enthusiasm has grown and spread during the few years since.

Its story is similar to that of any other camp. The first year was carried out in the way of an experiment. The whole idea was new to this country. And what was planned for the girls was rather stiff. But the girls were Scouts; and what can daunt a good Scout? So the first year was a success, and plans were laid for many ensuing summers. With the second encampment at Plymouth, the desirability and popularity of the Patrol Leaders' Camp was an established fact. But Plymouth is a coveted place for taking training courses in any and

all of the branches of Scouting. The Girl Scout Training School people had already laid claim to the Plymouth site; and although they

were kind enough to allow the P. L. C.'s the use of it for a few weeks, they, the P. L. C.'s, really wanted a home of their own—one which they might always feel was theirs to return to year after year. So the P. L. Camp site is now located in Gilmanton, New Hampshire, a most delightful spot on Frisky Hill.

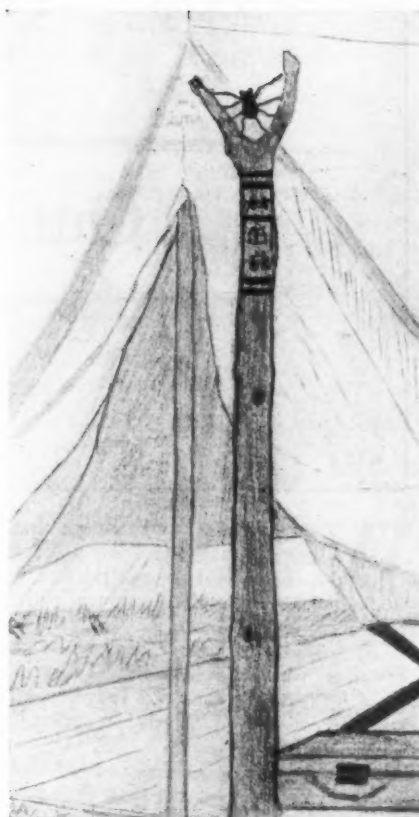
Making Their Own Decisions

The Camp is run entirely on the patrol system—the girls themselves making any regulations necessary and deciding all camp problems. Thus, in the very foundation of the work they learn self-government and discipline. The rules of the camp are few, but so are the exceptions to them. When the misconduct or misunderstanding of one girl means a point lost, not against her own name, but *against the record of her patrol*, she is likely to be careful to understand and obey. And this not through fear; for every girl soon wishes to co-operate with the others of her patrol, and to strive, not so much for her own glory as for teamwork.

Totem Poles Tell the Story

A system of marking has been devised, whereby each patrol is presented with fifty points at the beginning of the encampment. From this, points are deducted each day, if necessary, for corrections of all kinds. At the end of the season points may be given back to patrols which have shown excellent spirit and cooperation in general camp work.

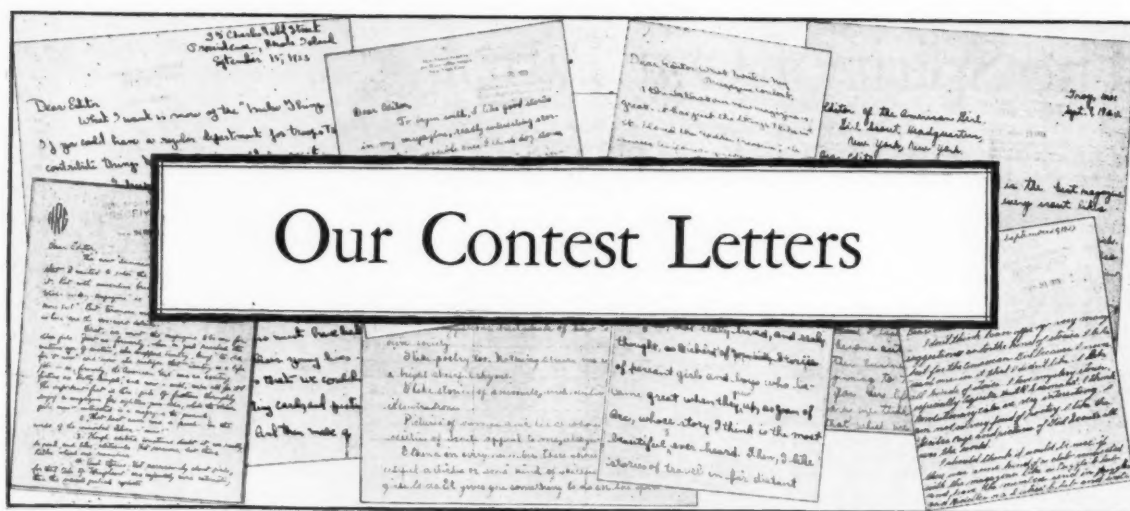
(Continued on page 48)



The Totem Pole of the Spider Patrol, whose motto was, "Keep on trying"



Sunset—and our campers softly singing on the shore



Our Contest Letters

WE are happy to announce that the winner of our What-I-wish-in-my-Magazine Contest is Helen Wilson, age thirteen years, member of the Bethlehem Star Girl Scout troop of Troy, Missouri. In our December issue, we shall tell you more about Helen and, we hope, have her picture for you.

In fact, we would have her picture in this issue were it not for the fact that the Judges spent so much time making their decision. Such interesting letters have come to us and so many of them!

At last, however, the Judges reached their decision in the following way. First they examined each letter to make sure its writer had met all the conditions of the contest. For accuracy is what each Girl Scout should strive for. We are very sorry to say that several of the best letters were at once disqualified because their writers did not *print* their names and addresses, as the directions asked. Wasn't that too bad?

After the Judges had gone over the letters in this way, they next read each letter for content, taking into consideration the age of the writer. That is, they asked themselves, "How about these suggestions—do they apply to many Girl Scouts, or do they express but one girl's individual taste?" For our magazine must please many girls of different ages. The Judges also asked, "Are these suggestions practicable; that is, can such stories and articles be obtained for our magazine?"

After a great deal of discussing and going over your letters again and again, they announced the results of the contest as follows:

First place: HELEN WILSON. Age 13. Bethlehem Star Troop, Troy, Missouri.

Second place: IDA MARY SWAN. Age 17. Columbine Troop, Romah, Colorado.

Third place: HELEN GALLAND, Age 18. Troop 100, Brooklyn, N. Y.

Honorable Mention to:

Nancy Allen, Age 15, Troop 12, Providence, R. I.; Elizabeth Collins, Age 14, Troop 6, Duluth, Minnesota; Florence Hachmann, Age 14, Troop 101, Brooklyn, N. Y.; Isabella Hart, Age 12 years, Troop 1, Newport, R. I.; Sarah Jane Sargent, Age 12 years, Troop 37, New York City.

The Judges also wish to announce that the letters of the following deserve special commendation as having contained suggestions of excellent merit:

The Judges wish to announce that Helen Wilson of Troy, Missouri, has been awarded first place in our contest. Helen is thirteen years of age and is a member of the Bethlehem Star Troop of Troy.

Constance Baiter, Troop 1, Short Hills, New Jersey; Marguerite Bantz, Age 12, Troop 3, Chehalis, Washington; Virginia Crider, Age 12, Marion, Kentucky; Margaret Golden, Age 14, Troop 1, Henderson, N. Y.; Alice Elizabeth Goodwin, Age 10, Simsbury, Conn.; Eleanor Hazeltine, Age 12, Troop 1, Chicopee Falls, Mass.; E. Marjorie Hogan, Age 14, Troop 14, Albany, New York; Frances Knapp, Age 17, Troop 2, West Medford, Mass.; Aline E. Leutert, Age 17, Troop 10, St. Louis, Mo.; Belle Marshall, Troop 1, West Webster, N. Y.; Margaret McGinty, age 14, Neosho, Mo.; Mary Adelaide Newell, Troop 4, Topeka, Kansas; Hilda S. Peterson, age 12, Troop 1, Penacook, N. H.; Dorothy Claire Sinz, age 14, Troop 9, Dallas, Texas; Kathleen Smyth, age 14, Troop 2, Englewood, N. J.; Virginia Stephenson, age 12, Troop 20, Washington, D. C.; Anna Swing, age 13, Troop 1, Rainelle, West Virginia; Ruth Vivian Webb, age 12, Troop 2, Tenafly, New Jersey; Margaret Mary Zimmer, age 11, Troop 8, Indianapolis, Ind.

Helen's Suggestions for our Magazine

Troy, Mo.
September 9, 1923.

Dear Editor:

I hope every Girl Scout likes THE AMERICAN GIRL as well as I do. I like to read the stories in it very much. I like to read stories of thrilling adventure, also stories of boarding school girls and their experiences. I enjoy reading stories of animals. They are helpful to girls as well as interesting. I enjoy stories of America's great cities, national parks, and mountains. I like to become acquainted with the conditions, cities, parks, and mountains of my own country.

I think the stories of some of America's famous men and women are very interesting and helpful. Every Girl Scout should become acquainted with her surroundings and the people who have helped to give us our advantages. I especially like stories of girls who have become authors, artists, playground directors and other business women. Every Girl Scout is beginning to think about what she is going to do for her life work. We all want to choose the work we think would be the most interesting and that which we feel we would be most capable of doing. These stories help girls to select their life work.

I enjoy articles on suggestions and plans for Girl Scouts to carry out. I like articles on things to make, cook and sew. Such articles are often very useful in making birthday and Christmas gifts.

I enjoy Scout news very much. I like to know what the Girl Scouts in other states are doing. I especially enjoy hearing about their parties, picnics, hikes and entertainments.

I am very much interested in the pictures of Girl Scout troops. I like to see them hiking, on picnics and fishing.

I love poetry very much and I think it would improve our magazine if there were more poems.

I hope our Girl Scout magazine will become known to everyone, and I think

we can all make it a fine magazine if we do our best to improve it. I also hope our Girl Scout organization will grow larger and larger every day and that we may all be good Girl Scouts.

Helen Wilson, age 13 years,
Bethlehem Star Troop.

To Helen from the Editor

Yes, Helen, it will be a fine magazine if all the Girl Scouts do their very best as Assistant Editors (for that is what you are, you know). You can help us by sending in for our Scout Fancies page the poems, stories, descriptions of hikes that you have written; the pictures which you have drawn. You can help us by working hard to secure subscriptions to the magazine. The more subscriptions we have, the better the magazine will be, as everyone knows. If, during the month of November, every Girl Scout were to secure for us just one new subscription, you don't know how happy we would be!

Plans which will please Helen and other Girl Scouts, too

Now it just happens that we are able to tell you all about the plans for our magazine which will meet Helen's suggestions and those which many others of you have made to us.

Boarding School stories, college stories—in our Christmas number, we shall have a story called "The Christmas Kidnappers." It is about some school girls, home for Christmas vacation. Real girls, these are, lively and full of fun, but not too good. For we all make mistakes, don't we? One we made once was giving our mother a double boiler for Christmas. Yes, we did!—But read "The Christmas Kidnappers" and you will see the connection.

Plans for Girl Scout Troops—we have ready so many of these, we scarcely know which to tell you about. There is the page of games to play at a Christmas party for children, written by Edna Geister, to appear in our December issue, to help you all in the parties which so many of your troops give at Christmas time. And, too, there are to be pictures of real Girl Scout Christmas parties with Santa and the tree and the Girl Scouts of various towns and the children, all there!

There is our page of complete directions for taking a Winter Hike, all told in pictures, and sent to us by our Buffalo Girl Scouts. There is the page of Hike Menus for groups of eight girls, which our Saint Paul Girl Scouts are sending us for the January issue, an issue, by the way, which is to be edited by the Girl Scouts of Minnesota, North Dakota and South Dakota.

Things to make—what would an issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL be without them? There is our Cookie page in this issue. As well as our Christmas card block-printing page. In December, you will find complete directions for covering old candy boxes, making an attractive design upon

each cover and for packing the boxes in an attractive way with your own home-made candy.

Scout news—not an issue shall we have without our Scout News, which we call our Scribes' Corner! And, if we have room (that is, if so many subscriptions come in that we are able to make our magazine larger), we shall have a Post Box page, printing your letters to us—you know, your personal suggestions about running a troop, about the things you find difficult in your Merit Badge work, and all the other perplexities which Girl Scouts think about, the last thing before they go to sleep, at night.

Ida Mary Swan's letter

Ramah, Colorado.

Dear Editor:

I think that *The American Girl* should give to Girl Scouts things that they cannot find in other magazines and papers: stories of a better sort, articles on subjects in which girls of every age are interested.

The stories that *The American Girl* has always published are good—but they don't satisfy me. They are a type that is interesting and exciting to girls in the upper grades and Junior High School. We must have more of this type than any other because there are more Scouts of this age or younger. But there are Scouts just finishing High School or entering college to whom *The American Girl* should be of interest. I wish we might have stories that satisfy us now and then. I wish we might have stories:

Of college girls—some that deal with realistic problems that confront girls who are economizing and doing without to attend college, that rich girls meet with or unattractive ones find in their way;

Of dogs and horses—real or imaginary;

Of wild animals in our own Rocky mountains or perhaps a jungle story or one of the Amazon;

Of heroes in history—true stories of Lincoln, Roosevelt and countless others, some not well-known.

I am glad that we are to have a monthly Drama page and more "Hike Fun" suggestions. The Treasure Hunt was such fun that we want more suggestions like it. I liked the September page on photography and wish we could have more about taking good pictures and unusual pictures, snow pictures, for instance.

I would like to have a page on basketball or tennis or indoor baseball. And perhaps we could find room for an article on the best way to collect flowers and to keep those that are pressed.

We have always had a stamp page and I think it fine but I would like it so much if we could manage a poetry page for those who like to collect verses. Have on it selections from the best modern and not-so-modern poets, selections that are brave and gay and woodsy. Sometimes the poetry page might have a contest for its readers. A book page would be splendid, too: every two or three months, too, list the best books for Scouts to read.

I like the party suggestions that *The American Girl* publishes and I like the Merit Badge pages. I hope we have more articles like "The Golden Eagler" that bring us face to face with the real meaning of Scouting. I would like to see more Kamp Kookery Kinks. I know that the new picture page is going to be a decided success and have on it pictures of Scouting in other states that everyone will enjoy.

Ida Mary Swan,
Age 17, Columbine Troop, Ramah, Colorado.
(Continued on page 43)

Enter Our Hike Idea Contest

What is the most clever and original plan you have ever tried for making a hike interesting? A mystery hike? A treasure hunt? The hike that is different—that is what we wish to know about.

The winner will receive

A Piece of Hike Equipment—Her Own Choice
From our supply department. Value: five dollars.

Contest Rules

Letters to be not more than 400 words
Write in ink, on one side of the paper
No letter received after November 20th will be eligible
Print your full name, age, address, troop number

Address your letters to

HIKE CONTEST EDITOR

The American Girl

189 Lexington Ave., New York City

JUDGES:

Mrs. FREDERICK EDEY,

Chairman of the National Field Committee

Miss LOUISE PRICE,

Head of our National Camping Department

Miss ALICE WALLER,

Business Manager, *The American Girl*

The Making of a Golden Eaglet

A Girl Scout Rally program that is just what you have been looking for

By EDITH SINNETT

Local Girl Scout Director, Springfield, Massachusetts

[Haven't you been looking for a Rally idea that will be different from anything you have ever had before? One that will be interesting from the moment the program begins until its end? One that will show all sides of Scouting—its fun, the proficiency that all Scouts must attain to earn their Merit Badges, as well as the loveliness of our many adventures together?

It is not easy to discover such an idea. Yet we believe that in *The Making of a Golden Eaglet*, Miss Sinnett has done just that. The special advantage of this program is that it will fit any and every troop, even the Girl Scouts of a large city. It can be changed and adapted in any way that you wish. And into it you may easily introduce your own original ideas.—EDITOR.]

THE Making of a Golden Eaglet was first given in 1920 by the Girl Scouts of Springfield, Massachusetts. Since that time, it has been passed on to many troops who have changed the story to fit their own special plans.

The story shows your audience a girl's development through all the stages of Scouting, from Tenderfoot to Golden Eaglet. This transformation takes place before one's very eyes through the powers of a wonderful machine which stands in the center of the stage, into which the girls go, and from which they emerge as Tenderfeet, Second Class Scouts, and so on.

This machine is a large affair, looking very much like a coffee grinder with a giant hopper at the top left side and a huge crank at the extreme right. The front of the machine must open with two doors swinging forward since it is through these doors that the girls come after having been "transformed" and it is within the machine that your tableaux will be displayed.

Enter: the Brownies

The following is the story, acted in pantomime with music played softly throughout the program. A group of smaller Girl Scouts dressed as real fairy book Brownies wanders onto the stage, intent upon mischief. They dance to elfin music, spy the queer-looking machine, and at once begin to investigate. Then they do a jolly dance about it. Finally, one or two adventurous sprites climb the ladder, which runs up to the hopper. Before they have

fully satisfied their curiosity, a group of girls from all nations is seen approaching: a Chinese girl, Polish, Irish, Swedish (those nations selected which you wish to portray). The Brownies turn from the machine and run to the girls in curiosity. The music becomes softer. The leader of the Brownies beckons the strangers into the magic circle. Whereupon the Brownies dance gleefully about the girls, whom they like at once.

Ah, a Bright Idea!

Suddenly, one of the Brownies has a bright idea. She beckons to several of her playmates, pointing to the machine and its hopper. All the Brownies then consult, not taking the foreign girls into their confidence, however. The Brownies are planning a daring experiment!

Seizing the strangers, the Brownies take them up the ladder and thrust them down the hopper. The strangers disappear. The Brownies turn the crank. Then down the funnel they thrust the necessary ingredients for the making of a Tenderfoot—our laws and promise (printed on large cards that the audience may know what they are), a flag, a rope, a savings bank or record of savings, etc.

The Brownies continue to turn the crank until, shortly, the doors open and for each girl who climbed the ladder the audience now sees a neatly dressed Tenderfoot, busily at work upon her tests. The doors remain open long enough for the audience to grasp the significance of this transformation and for the Brownies to dance a bit in delight. Then the doors once more close upon the girls.

Not forgetting Second Class and Merit Badges

Now the Brownies feed into the hopper Second Class materials. These ingredients may be as picturesque as you can make them, such as: signal flags, a poncho and outdoor cooking equipment, a torn frock with a huge cardboard spool of thread, needle, and thimble, a doll's

bed and bedding, leaves and flowers gathered from the nearby forest by the Brownies. Do not confuse your audience with too many "ingredients" and do not thrust the latter into the hopper so quickly that those looking on will not realize what you are doing.

Again the crank is turned. Again the doors open and a model patrol appears, Second Class Scouts with their captain and color (Cont. on p. 44)



In a moment, the doors of this mysterious machine will open and reveal Scouting wonders to these Springfield Brownies

Scout Fancies

Written and illustrated by Girl Scouts

An Overnight Hike in New England

by VERA WESCHE
Troop 2, Bridgeport, Connecticut

TO some people, New England means the sugar maples of Vermont; to others it means the fishing towns of Cape Cod, or the smoking chimneys of factory centers. But to me it means the stones of the hills of western Connecticut, near Danbury.

"Glacial remains," says the person who knows. But glaciers and things pertaining to them were far from our thoughts on that hot August day when we had our overnight hike in those Connecticut hills.

We left the Girl Scout camp at five o'clock and started off along the country road. The road was bordered by stone walls, overgrown with poison ivy and Virginia creeper. Beyond the walls were fields of Indian corn, orchards, or pastures with Holsteins who gazed at us with curious eyes. Still further off, we could see more fields and stone walls that finally changed into the woodland that covered the slopes of beautiful hills.

Now and then we passed a farmhouse which had a group of children playing outside, often with rabbits, dogs, or goats. The busy mother usually sat on the porch, sewing and waving to us as we went by. Shade trees, wild cherry or maple, made the way pleasant, while apple trees were betrayed by the hard green fruit on the ground.

Toward evening we turned from the road into a meadow and after drinking from a spring, the most refreshing we had ever drunk, we climbed a hilly, stony pasture to find a place for camp.

Soon fires were alight and supper preparations started. Being wary and up to the ways of the saucy little chipmunk, one of the first things we did was to put our breakfast high in the tree, out of reach of any little thieves. We were all hungry and did full justice to our supper. After supper, we sat around the camp-fire, singing and telling stories. Later, when the moon was shining and the stars were clear, we sang our "Good-night" and lay down. Soon all was quiet except for



Who said "Hot Dog"?

This picture was drawn especially for The American Girl by Virginia Paul, a Girl Scout of Lewisburg, Ohio. Do you agree with us that Virginia, who is fourteen years old, must herself have gone camping in order to draw so well-constructed a fire, so woodsy a roasting stick? (Note the two prongs of the cook's stick upon which she is able to roast two wieners at once!)

We think the Scout to the right must have seen something quite terrifying in the woods. Or, at least, astonishing. Nevertheless, she must have persisted in her work in true Scout fashion for her arms are filled with the desired fuel.

And the pines behind the tent—can you not hear the wind sighing in them as these girls lie upon their cots at night? Fragrance of pines and moonlight upon our tent floor—Camp Memories.

the katydids and an occasional hoot from a screech owl.

Early next morning, before sunrise, we were up and busy with our morning fire. The stony character of the New England pasture had been brought out more during the night and many of us were stiff from the stones we couldn't avoid. After breakfast, we re-rolled our packs, cleaned up our camp site, and started for camp, ready for anything that the day might have in store for us.

The Brownie "Pi'nic"

As written by an eight year old
Brownie

One day the Brownies thought that they would have a pinic. The next day they started off. We found a stray kitten. It had a collar around its neck. We found that it was far from home. We turned around and took it back home. On the way we met some Boggarts. They tried to take the kitten away from us, but we would not let them have it. When we got it home the lady wanted to give us a reward but we would not take it. Then we went back and had our pinic.

From *The Trail Maker*.

The Service of the Troop Flag

by NATALIE DOWD
Troop 12, Boston, Massachusetts

It was the night before the rally and Esther was to carry the troop flag. Accordingly, as they were going to meet at the bridge, she took the flag with her.

After the business meeting, she hurriedly slipped on her outdoor clothes and started home. It was twilight, peaceful twilight, so she decided to take the short cut through the woods.

She suddenly stumbled on the railroad tracks and glancing downwards saw a broken rail. A shrill whistle came to her ears. She knew it was the train, rounding the curve. Thinking swiftly, she unrolled the troop flag which was white and would surely attract attention. She waved it back and forth. The engineer saw her and the train was stopped.

Esther was warmly praised by the engineer and passengers who knew from what peril they had been saved.

From *The Trail Maker*.



Kingston, New Hampshire Girl Scouts before the home of Josiah Bartlett, a signer of the Declaration of Independence

For your own Magazine "Yes, we do want a better and better Girl Scout Magazine and we know that our help will make it so." This is what ever so many Girl Scouts are writing us. But you are doing more than writing! You are having rallies for us and you are sending us that glad news, "Here are some subscriptions for you."

Escanaba, Michigan, Girl Scouts featured THE AMERICAN GIRL at their Fall Rally. Glens Falls, New York, introduced our new colored cover at their first meeting for captains. Miss Alice Sandiford, formerly regional director of New England, has offered a piece of troop equipment to the first Rhode Island troop to report as one hundred percent subscribers.

East Orange, New Jersey, and Montclair, New Jersey, are conducting a friendly and exciting contest to see which can have the largest percent of subscribers to THE AMERICAN GIRL. And Dayton, Ohio, is planning something mysterious. They haven't told us what. They have merely said, "Watch Dayton!" We're watching you, Dayton.

Thanksgiving Baskets Girl Scouts in many communities are now planning to fill Thanksgiving baskets, working in cooperation with local Charity Organization societies. It is this same spirit which, in December, will be found in our Christmas parties for children of orphanages, hospitals, or settlements.

Christmas seals Girl Scouts are "right hand men" to the National Tuberculosis Association in helping distribute Christmas seals, so the headquarters of that organization tell us. The seals are inexpensive. They brighten the appearance of our Christmas letters. And in using them we help a splendid cause. Upon page 37 of this issue, you will find an announcement sent from the National Tuberculosis Association especially for the Girl Scouts. Incidentally, we should not forget to tell you all what Mr. P. P. Jacobs of the Association has written us, "I wish to comment to your Headquarters most appreciatively upon the helpful cooperation given by the Girl Scouts in Santa Barbara, California, on the occasion of our annual meeting there last summer."

SCRIBES'

Newport and The Spirit of Girlhood When the Girl Scouts of Newport, Rhode Island, gave The Spirit of Girlhood (our Girl Scout pageant), they had as guest Mlle. Yvonne Pic, a French Eclaireuse, who wore her national uniform and who, being a "Plum Grise" which is French for "Brownie," was much interested in a group of Brownies.

Another international touch was found in the dance, done by the girls of a recently formed Italian troop, wearing the picturesque Italian costume, directed by an Italian mother, and accompanied upon the violin by a young Italian boy.

Mrs. William S. Sims, Commissioner of Newport, Rhode Island, has made the following very helpful suggestions to those who are thinking of producing The Spirit of Girlhood but who are not able to have the assistance of Miss Oleda Schrottky.

"I shall mention a few things which we found useful in saving time and effort. Seven or eight weeks before the date of the pageant, we chose a Director, one of our own council. To various women, each of whom was to appoint her own assistant, this Director then allotted the various things that were to be attended to: costumes, grounds, patronesses, transportation, etc. These responsible heads together with the Director constituted the pageant committee and held regular meetings every Monday morning. There were no other meetings of the pageant committee.

"As far as possible, the schedule of rehearsals was made and given out in advance to the girls. The girls and one of our council members made charming posters by pasting upon the printed announcements magazine cover pictures which represented girlhood. Our newspaper publicity was supplemented by about two hundred postcards stamped with our Girl Scout silhouettes and announcing the time and place of the pageant.

"We hope that all who give this lovely pageant will enjoy doing it as much as we did."

Chicago Cookies, too A good idea that is really good always spreads about. It's just that way with Cookie Day. Cookie Day has been tried and found successful even in so large a city as Chicago, as everyone knows who has read THE AMERICAN GIRL in years past—for in Chicago the idea originated.



"Man Overboard!" Winter means toboggan parties to our St. Johnsbury, Vermont, Girl Scouts

CORNER

In Chicago, the Girl Scouts raised a large sum of money, with this plan. In a city, the organization of the assembling, packing and selling of the cookies is naturally more difficult. But Chicago overcame this difficulty and carried their Cookie Day to success.

Not forgetting the Old Days Lexington, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts go each week to the old Dunster Tavern which is filled with interesting relics from a time as far back as 1670. Here the girls act as hostesses, receiving visitors and telling them about the tavern and all that it contains.

For our Golden Eaglets Our Founder, Mrs. Low, is making a most generous gift to our Golden Eaglets in recognition of their Girl Scout Service. To each she will present a colored photograph of herself. These photographs are being made by an English friend of Mrs. Low, who has worked for years in perfecting the method of reproduction. As soon as the photographs come from England, they will be mailed to our Golden Eaglets, a gift which all will prize.

The Librarian is your Friend In Fall River, Massachusetts, the Librarian has given the Girl Scouts use of a small room in which are placed books of special interest in connection with our merit badges. Here captains may come with their girls. Or Girl Scouts without a captain may apply at the reference desk for the key, being placed upon their honor to care for the books and the room. The Librarian will also purchase books especially needed by the Girl Scouts.

Have you THE AMERICAN GIRL in your library, Girl Scouts of Fall River? Have you THE AMERICAN GIRL in your library, Girl Scouts everywhere? Tell your Librarian about us. Ask her to subscribe to THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Helping our Forests Pennsylvania Girl Scouts, together with the Boy Scouts, last spring planted 38,372 trees according to an official announcement made by the State Department of Forests and Waters. "America the Beautiful"—can we do a better thing than to keep our country so?



Italian Girl Scouts of Newport, Rhode Island, dancing an Italian dance in *The Spirit of Girlhood*



This charming Girl Scout room in Bridgeport, Conn., is across the street from the green where Washington once met with his personal staff, each morning

Using what you have When Miss Margaret Griffith's father told her their garage was to have an upper room, Miss Griffith who is a Bridgeport, Connecticut, captain said, "We'll furnish a Girl Scout room there." Which the girls did, with the delightful results seen in the accompanying photograph. Can't you see the Bridgeport Girl Scouts talking things over, as they sit in those comfortable chairs?

Mother's day at the Club In Barrington, Rhode Island, many mothers can attend the weekly meetings of their Women's Club because the Girl Scouts care for their babies while the meetings are being held. The mothers bring the babies to the High School, where the Club meets. Here, in a special room, Girl Scouts who have received their Child Nurse Badge look after the wee things till "mother" is ready to go home.

A National Bank and The American Girl The Savings Department of the Gardner, Massachusetts, First National Bank last spring offered a three months' subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL to any local scout opening a savings account with a \$1.00 deposit and a six months' subscription to those who made an initial deposit of \$5.00.

Captains and a portable oven New Haven, Connecticut, captains and lieutenants held a most delightful picnic at Lighthouse Beach, where a representative of the Gas Company demonstrated the art of cooking in a portable oven. The menu was beef loaf, scalloped potatoes, egg rolls, tomato salad, and chocolate pudding with hard sauce. Copies of the recipes used were distributed.

A beautiful Girl Scout Home Massachusetts Girl Scouts are the proud possessors of a beautiful home, Cedar Hill, presented to them by Miss Cornelia Warren. Frances Knapp, a Boston Girl Scout, has written us this description of a visit to the "maze" which is part of this lovely estate:

"This maze is very fascinating. It was copied from one in Hampton Court, England, by Miss Warren. Shouts, bursts of puzzled laughter were fair proof of the fun we had in finding our way about. Most fun of all, though, was watching and directing the girls from the watch tower. Almost invariably, they would take the wrong turn, only to go back again and begin over."



Graceful dancers about the May Pole

Plan Folk Dances Now for Spring

COME with us to a beautiful stretch of green grass where trees cast their light shadows before us and where, above us, the sky is blue and clear. It is May in Massachusetts, and the Girl Scouts are holding their State Review. Ever since we arrived we have been watching the many girls and listening to them sing in their song contest.

But now the time has come for their Village May Day Festival. In this Festival, so our program tells us, gaily dressed villagers will dance upon the Village Green to celebrate the return of Spring. We are glad the Girl Scouts are to do this, for ever since we heard the first robin's clear call, early the other morning, we ourselves have been wishing to dance gaily down the street. We haven't done it, of course!

The procession is approaching. Two Jack O'Greens (or Walking Bushes) are leading. And there are the Plough Boys carrying the Maypole, which is a tree bound with evergreen. Long streamers fluttering in the breeze and shimmering in the sun, graceful girls and boys dancing about—how is it that the Girl Scouts have found so many of these beautiful old customs for their festival?

A Girl Scout mother next to us tells us it is because the leaders of the Girl Scouts in Massachusetts love the old songs and the old customs which have come to us from England. Some of these leaders are personal friends of Mr. Cecil Sharp, the man who in all probability knows more about English Folk Dances than any other person and who has himself found and written down many of the folk songs and ballads which Girl Scouts love to sing around their camp fires.

Upon one of his visits to the United States, Mr. Sharp heard sung in our own Appalachian Mountains old songs which must have been

brought to this country in the very earliest days of colonization and passed down from that time because fathers and mothers loved them and taught them to their children and so on through the years until today.

After the Maypole Dance, the Morris Dancers appear, accompanied by the Morris King and Queen, the Witch, the Fool, and the Hobby Horses. The quaint costumes must, we know, have been found in some old book and copied for the Festival. The Hobby Horses—we needn't look on our program to make certain of them! Aren't they truly magnificent steeds?

We are sorry when the festivities are over and all the dancers move off to the Helston Furry Processional. As the last bright figure disappears and the last echo of music dies away, we remember the songs we have heard Girl Scouts sing in their camps.

"I'm going with the raggle, taggle gypsies, oh!"

And as we remember how many girls enjoyed Folk Dances in our camps last summer, we know that every Girl Scout troop may, if they wish, have these same Folk Dances and Folk Songs as part of many a merry meeting during the coming winter.

If you do this, when next spring is here and you wish to have an out-door rally such as this May Festival of the New England Girl Scouts, you will be "prepared," indeed. And it will not be necessary for you to have a great many rehearsals.

Note: Those interested in Mr. Cecil Sharp's work will be glad to know that the H. W. Gray Company publishes the following books: Country Dance Books (Book I and Book II) by Cecil Sharp, price \$3.50 each; Folk Songs and Singing Games by Sharp and Farnsworth, price one dollar (\$1.00).



Aren't these Hobby Horses truly magnificent steeds?

Motion Picture Book Week

A plan for Girl Scouts who enjoy seeing films of books they enjoy reading

by ALICE BELTON EVANS

Secretary of the National Committee for Better Films

THERE are few Girl Scouts who do not enjoy good motion pictures, especially those based upon books which have been read and enjoyed. The difficulty, however, often seems to be that these greatly desired films don't seem to come to your town. And, reading about them in the newspapers, you have wondered whether there were anything you could do to bring those films where you and your friends could see them.

There is a way, of course. Whenever a number of people request the managers of Motion Picture Theatres to exhibit certain films, the managers are pretty certain to answer, "Yes, I will get them if I can." And the reason is because managers wish to please their patrons.

So it is that, to bring to your town those films in which the Girl Scouts are interested, the National Committee for Better Films has worked out a plan for a "Motion Picture Book Week" in connection with Children's Book Week which comes in November from the 11th to the 17th.

Our plan is to have given, everywhere, during that week well-produced films which have been made from splendid books. We all know what fun it has been to read "The Prince and the Pauper" by Mark Twain or "Penrod and Sam" by Booth Tarkington or "The Call of the North" by Stewart Edward White—then go to the movies and there, before our eyes, see the people whom we had only imagined before.

So in order that you may know which films you wish to request from the managers of your local motion picture theatre, the National Committee for Better Films has made out a list for you of films that have been made from interesting and splendid books. You can compare the programs of your theatre with these lists—"Photoplay Guide" they are called—and thus tell when good pictures are to be exhibited. By patronizing these rather than the others, and letting your theatre manager know you are doing this, you will be encouraging him to book more and more of the finer films. Patronizing the good films is what is known as asking for them "through the box office" and it is a most effective way.

You may obtain this list from the National Committee for Better Films, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City. If you wish to have a share in Children's Book Week, it will be necessary for you to send for this list at once, in order that you may read it, select your desired films, and send word to the manager of the motion picture theatre.

For after the manager receives your request, it is



An exciting moment in "Scaramouche," a new film romance of France before The Revolution

necessary for him to send away for the films, all of which takes time.

Talking over the Pictures

A discussion of this list of ours will make any troop or patrol meeting very interesting. Looking down the titles printed there, you will find many old favorites, some of which you may not have known have been filmed.

"The Last of the Mohicans" by James Fenimore Cooper—that story of pioneer days of which Girl Scouts love

to read. "The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes"—who doesn't feel personally acquainted with Sherlock? "A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court"—which the immortal Mark Twain has given us to laugh over forever. Titles such as these are to be found upon our list.

"Scaramouche," an exciting scene from which is shown upon this page is a new picture, recently released. It is a romance of France, in the days before the revolution of 1789. Scaramouche was the name given to André-Louis Moreau, a young lawyer and patriot. The story is that of his varied and exciting life, when he is in truth a "Scaramouche."

Talk with your Librarian

A person who will be very much interested in talking with the Girl Scouts about their motion picture requests will be your librarian. Miss Adele Henry Maze, a librarian in Oak Park, Illinois, has had great fun with the boys and girls there, talking over books and motion pictures in their reading clubs, planning "matinees" for them at the motion picture theatre of Oak Park.

News of Good Motion Pictures

But do not think that Children's Book Week is the only time when you may work to bring to your town good motion pictures. You may do this all the time. Each month, you may secure from the National Committee for Better Films a list of Selected Motion Pictures, containing news of the best of the new films.

Then, too, when you plan your own motion picture benefits, as many of you do, try to have upon your program these excellent ones. Some of you arrange Saturday morning matinees for children, charging a small admission. On our lists can be found some stories that delight especially children's hearts: "Jack and the Beanstalk," "Alice in Wonderland," and other old favorites as well as many that appeal to all ages.

Play Family Hostess

And Plan Merry Games for Everybody on Thanksgiving Day

By EDNA GEISTER

Illustrations by WILLIAM SCHNELLE

THANKSGIVING afternoon—and that delicious dinner a thing of the past. This is just the time, isn't it, when someone should have ready games that are fun to play, which father and mother and Uncle Jim, even grandmother and small brother Joe will enjoy.

Why shouldn't that someone be the Girl Scout of the family? And why shouldn't that same Girl Scout make of her family Thanksgiving party a time when she goes forward one more step in winning her Hostess Merit Badge? I think she is the very person for family entertainer! Don't you?

So I have selected for you those games which I know all your family will enjoy. I know because I have played them in my own family with all my brothers and sisters and my father and mother. And what fun we have had with them, too!

"Thanksgiving Echoes"

In this game, ask everyone to choose the part of some very well-known barnyard animal. You will then read a story which you have written, which is all about barnyard animals and which makes frequent mention of each of them. As you mention each different animal, the noise it makes is to be imitated by the one who chose that particular animal. But whenever you speak of the Turkey, everyone in the room is to imitate the turkey to the best of his ability and at the top of his lungs!

"The Treasure Hunt Grand March"

Hide peanuts or small favors or candies in every conceivable spot. Your family and guests are lined up as if for a Grand March. The line of march is to be around the room without coming up the middle. Have someone play the piano. When the music begins, the leaders start marching. Suddenly your whistle sounds as the signal that the Hunt is on.

The players break ranks and scramble to find the hidden treasure. Two whistles sound sharply, after a few moments: signal to discontinue the search at once, find partners, and get into the line, which is straggly and uneven at best, but it makes no difference as long as every one is in it and no one is hunting peanuts. The



Uncle Jim



Grandmother



Mother



Father



Joe

music and marching continue until another single whistle proclaims an open season for peanuts—the last one.

At the double whistle, all continue their marching as before except that the leaders bring the line down the center, and all halt while you find out who didn't get any peanuts and who got the most!

The winner is called out, stationed in front of the line, and all are obliged to pass by him, giving him all their peanuts. They do this with weeping and wailing until they hear your announcement at the end that as a punishment for his greediness he in turn is to give up all his peanuts to the unfortunates who didn't get any!

"Parlor Slapjack"

Your family and guests are standing in a circle, hands outstretched behind them. The one who is "It" walks around the outside of the circle, suddenly slaps an outstretched hand, and without stopping an instant, continues to walk around the circle in the direction he was going. The one whose hand was slapped immediately starts walking in the opposite direction, the objective for both walkers being the place that was just vacated. It belongs to the one who reaches it first, while the other becomes "It." They are to walk only. No running is allowed.

But—certain rites must be performed before either may take the place in the circle. "It" and the one whose hand was slapped are bound to meet on their way around the circle. When they do, "It" does whatever he wishes to in the way of a stunt, and the other must imitate exactly before they may continue their race for the empty place. The following stunts are very good because of their esthetic value:

1. Make a deep bow.
2. Shake Hands.
3. Sing up the scale.
4. Make a face.
5. Hop the rest of the way on one foot.

"Turkey!"

This is a good game for a family who love a joke. Show great enthusiasm in asking your family if they know that "funny new game called 'Turkey'." If a small group, all may join in; if a large one, only a select few have the privilege. They form a circle, kneel on the right knee, each one putting the first finger of the right hand on the floor. When they are all set, you may ask again to make sure, "Really don't you know how to play 'Turkey'?" They again assure you that they do not. "Neither do I," you remark, regretfully.



The Girl Scout
of the family

"Hippity-Hop Potato Race"

There are four couples in this effort, for effort it is. They form two teams, two couples in each team, one couple standing behind the other. Both the man and the lady of the first couple in each team are given a teaspoon with a large potato in it. At a signal from you, the two first couples hurry down the room to the goal line, and return to give the spoons and the potatoes to the second couples of their teams.

There are two regulations, however, which make it not so easy as it might appear. Every lady takes her partner's arm and keeps it through the entire race. Under no condition is she to let go. If a contestant should drop his potato, his partner must still keep his arm while he stoops to pick it up. The other regulation is that instead of running or walking to the goal they are to hop on one foot all the way.

"Conversations"

Why not have a story contest? Have two or three people tell stories on some such subjects as the following, everyone voting on the best of each kind. 1. My most thrilling adventure. 2. The most fun I ever had. 3. The biggest fish story I know. 4. The oldest joke I know.

"Stunts"

The group is divided into two sides. Both sides take a few minutes to see what resources they have in the way of stunts. Then they throw up a coin to see which side is to perform first. The side which wins, that is, the one that does not have to perform until the other side has given its stunt, starts to count slowly, "1, 2, 3, 4, 5" up to ten. If some member of the other side has not started to give a stunt by the time they count to ten, one point is gained by the counting side. If someone has started to perform, however, they are to stop counting the minute the stunt begins.

Then their turn to put on a stunt comes, and the other side starts to count ten. If they fail to have a stunt ready before "ten," they lose a point to the other side.

There is always an intermission of one minute after a stunt has been completed, to give the opposite side that long to get a stunt ready. The stunts may include any possible kind of entertainment, from doing a dance to "speaking a piece" or telling a funny story.

"Teapot"

This game centers about words that have two meanings like "can." It is used to best advantage with a small informal group. The leader starts it by saying, "I teapot teapot peaches when I teapot get them," and the neighbor to her right is to take up the conversation if she can think of the word in the place of which teapot was used. She guesses correctly so she says, "Most teapots are made of tin, but I teapot show you a teapot made of glass." Her right-hand neighbor has not the slightest inkling of what word they are thinking about, so she is obliged to pass, and it goes around the circle, anyone who passes being obliged to pay a forfeit. When

each one has had a turn and it comes back to the leader she tells what word she had in mind, "can."

Then she starts another one, this one perhaps, "see," and as before, she omits the word "see" and uses "teapot" instead. For example, "I did teapot the teapot when a fearful storm was up, and I am sure that I shall never again teapot such a raging teapot."

Sometimes the leader will call upon someone else to start a new word, and in each case, anyone who is unable to "catch on" pays a forfeit.

"Excuse Me!"

A question is put to the group as a whole: "Why weren't you at the meeting last night?" In two minutes each one is to be ready to give his excuse, and the only requirement is that the excuse is to be put in terms of one's initials, and to be preceded by "Because I was—"

For example, one guest's initials are "C. F. B." When asked why she wasn't at the meeting last night she glibly replied, "Because I was curling Father's beard!"

"Mimic"

If there are more than fifteen or twenty guests, choose about six men and six girls to form the circle. Even "Mimic" becomes monotonous in a large circle. Those forming the circle are seated, men beside their partners, the leader taking the part of one of the girls. She begins the action by doing something to the man at her right who in turn must mimic her action exactly to the girl to his right, and so the action goes all around the circle till it comes back to the leader who starts a new one. This may continue for about four or five rounds, and can be made the best game of the evening if the leader has planned sufficiently diabolical actions. For example, her first might be to do a funny step in front of him, at the time tra-la-la-ing in a high key. Her right-hand neighbor must imitate her to the very best of his ability. Her next action might be to sing up the scale to the highest note she can reach; next, she might cry as realistically as possible; and then laugh as musically as she can!

"Eating under Difficulties"

Two apples are placed on newspapers at opposite sides of a chair. The two contestants get down on their knees, put their hands behind them, and at a signal start eating the apples without any help from their hands to see which can first eat the entire apple.

It really can be done!

"Feathers"

Contestants are lined up at the starting line, each one provided with a plate on which there has been placed a handful of feathers kept in place by a saucer. At a signal they take the saucer off the feathers and start walking as fast as they dare the length of the course, some fifty feet, and return. Anyone who loses a feather must stop to pick it up and put it back on the plate.

A draughty hall is always a favorable setting for the feather race. Even on calm days, however, it is not an unheard of thing for someone on the sidelines, who is near a plate of feathers, to exhale rather strenuously.

"Helpless Eating"

Each contestant is given a large cracker. She is to place it in her mouth, put her hands behind her, and at a signal, start to eat the cracker with no help from her hands. The one who whistles first after eating her cracker gets a good big prize.

WELCOME TO IE



Patrol leaders of Greater Boston enjoying, at sunset time, the garden of their beautiful Cedar Hill home



Can't you imagine how attractive all these baskets look today, in the homes of these Keene, New Hampshire, Girl Scouts?

Here where our fathers created the first Thanksgiving our Girl Scouts of Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island bid welcome to



A real Girl Scout orchestra at Camp Low, Dunstable, Mass. The vase upon the piano was a present to Mrs. Harding bought by giving up canteen for one week

A full-blooded American Indian telling the nature legends of his people to enrapt Girl Scouts of Metropolitan Boston



President Calvin Coolidge, as Governor of Massachusetts, giving his endorsement to the Girl Scout Movement

NEW ENGLAND

our fore-
 created the
 The giving,
 Girlouts of
 e, N Hamp-
 Verant, Mas-
 seth Connec-
 and bode Is-
 id welcome
 to



Carpenters have sometimes scorned girls' assistance, but these carpenters at Camp Hoffman, our Providence, R. I. camp, know better



These lovely old churches of New Haven, Connecticut, have looked down upon many Colonial girls—but upon none more ready to serve than our own Girl Scouts there



When old Scouting days meet the new in this friendly way, the beauty and the courage of yesterday live again



A real New England product! Mr. H. O. Templeton, the well-known Maine guide, teaching camp cookery at our Long Pond Officers' Training School, Plymouth, Mass.



No, it isn't a masquerade! It's a bee swarming and the Girl Scouts of Camp Bonnie Brae, Springfield, Mass., earning their Bee-Keeper's badge

Producing a Play

Have you planned the work upon your play? Which Girl Scout is to be Stage Manager? Who is your Business Manager? Your Property Manager? Costume Manager? Light Manager? Every one is necessary, even in a short play.

By MABEL F. HOBBS

Drama Consultant, Playground and Recreation Association of America

IN the October number, we talked about choosing and casting a play. When these important first steps are taken, your troop is ready to organize a producing staff and to start rehearsals. A dramatic performance, like any job which a number of girls undertake, can be successfully built only on the foundation of thorough organization.

With the exception of the director, who must hold her position before the play is even decided upon, the scout producing staff is appointed from members of the troop who have not been chosen for the cast. These girls have just as important and just as interesting and talent-revealing tasks as the actors. "Everybody helping" is the spirit of amateur dramatics.

Groups of players whom scores of towns have lately organized through their Community Service committees, have found this working together on the production end of the performances one of the most valuable things about the production of community plays.

Every Girl at Work on the Play

The production staff is as follows: director, stage manager, business manager, property manager, costume manager, lighting manager, and music manager.

The *Director* acts as the head of the entire production. Her duties were described for you in the October issue of *The American Girl*. Her authority must be unquestioned, as you know. There can be no appeal from her final decisions.

Emerson Taylor, who has written a splendid book, "Practical Stage Directing for Amateurs" (Dutton), says of the director, "Assistance he must have, but never interference. Choose somebody for the position in whom entire confidence may be placed and then let

him go ahead with a free hand." Your Captain will often be your Director.

The *Stage Manager* is the director's right hand man, and may be your patrol leader. She should be able to conduct a rehearsal if it is necessary. On the night of the play the stage manager often assumes the director's authority. It is splendid for your director to be able to sit in the audience the night of the play and leave the management of the performance to her producing staff, the Girl Scout Committees, behind the scenes!

The stage manager ought to know the play almost as thoroughly as the director. At rehearsals she takes careful notes upon all the stage business it is decided to use. She holds the prompt book and must be ready to prompt either in the lines or the action.

A word to her who holds the prompt book! No matter how well the rehearsal seems to be going, don't let your attention wander. Nothing is more discouraging to a director when she is putting all her energy into working out a scene, than to suddenly need a line or word and find her prompter two pages behind—or perhaps, talking with a neighbor!

The *Business Manager* attends to the sale of tickets, the publicity for the play and all other matters referring to the "front of the house." Her job is very important, for what's a play without an audience? Miss Helen Ferris will take up the details of successful business managing in a later issue of this magazine. Meanwhile, if one of you is to be business manager, there are many helpful hints for Girl Scouts in her book, "Producing Amateur Entertainments" (Dutton).

The *Property Manager*. The duties of the property manager are to obtain all objects used in the stage setting



Courtesy of Community Service—

A scene from "Hansel and Gretel"

which do not come under the head of scenery or costumes. She sees that these objects are in the correct place on the stage or in the hands of the person who is to use them. Personal properties, such as an eyeglass or a fan, are often provided by the actor, but it is always well for the property manager to note that they are on hand when needed.

A good property manager never buys anything unless it proves impossible to borrow it or make it. Making properties is fun in which the whole troop can work together. Often very artistic and ingenious things can be contrived if you use your Girl Scout resourcefulness. In small groups, the setting of the scenery and the arranging of the furniture is usually taken care of by the property manager and her assistants.

The *Costume Manager* has full charge of the costumes. She must see that the costume of every member of the cast is complete in every detail. It is also her duty after the play to return such costumes as may have been borrowed, and to put away the costumes owned by the troop. Perhaps the job of costume manager gives a girl more chance to prove her good sportsmanship than any other.

It is not easy when the play is over and the cast are in front receiving the congratulations of their friends to find oneself packing away the clothes. At a supper which a girls' group I know gave immediately after one of their plays, the two girls in charge of the costumes were thirty minutes late because their duties of checking and folding the costumes had to be attended to first. But they did not complain.

The *Light Manager*. The lighting of the stage should be in the hands of someone who is interested in electrical work and has some knowledge of it. The help of an electrician is often needed. With small groups, this part of the production does not cause much trouble, as the lights are not usually complicated.

Even in the case of ordinary footlights, however, it is important and interesting to work out the best possible effects. Fireplaces and moonlight scenes give opportunities for using ingenuity and developing ideas. The director must prepare a light plot (or written plan), giving the light manager suitable cues when the special lighting effects are needed.

The *Music Manager*. When music is used in a play there must be a music manager whose duty is to search for the music best adapted to the various needs and to arrange to have it played. Here, again, the director should prepare a plot (or plan) placing the music cues in the hands of the music manager as soon as possible.

Rehearsals

The play has been read, discussed and cast at a previous meeting and we are now ready for the first rehearsal. If it is possible to rehearse on the stage where the play is to be given, so much the better. If not, mark off a space the exact size of the stage. Confusion often arises when a play has been rehearsed in a space larger than the space in which it is to be produced.

The first rehearsal is for position only. The actors read their parts from their books, giving their entire attention to the movement of the play. By movement we mean the entrance and exits of the characters and their necessary passing to and fro.

The director plans all "stage business" (that is, what every girl is to do when on the stage), keeping in mind the difficult spots when an actor has no lines to speak or no definite action to follow and hence feels awkward. One good plan which I have found successful is for

each member of the cast to make a note of her own crossings of the stage in her book, where she walks and when. This will help you all in studying parts at home. (Note: the stage manager keeps a complete record of all this in her book.)

One rehearsal is usually sufficient for planning the movement of the play. After this the parts may be learned without the disturbing of exits and entrances. The director should ask the cast not to learn their parts until the first rehearsal is over. To work the other way is almost fatal!

Work Hard upon Your Rôle

When the actors are familiar with their stage business, we are ready for the most interesting part of the work. This is, as Roy Mitchell in "Shakespeare for Community Players" (Dutton) so aptly puts it, "Reading for texture." It means the development of the play through facial expression, voice, shadings and general characterization. All girls must have committed their parts to memory before this phase of the acting can be successfully developed. They should be encouraged to be letter-perfect in their lines as soon after the stage business has been mapped out as possible.

The director should make a careful study of each character in the play and be able to assist each actor in every way to develop her rôle. I have found it very satisfactory to rehearse small scenes and individual parts outside of the regular rehearsals.

If the play has more than one act, one act is rehearsed until nearly perfect, the others being run through roughly once or twice. When the first act is running smoothly, the second act and then the third act are taken up in the same way. Have the properties ready as soon as possible and use them at every rehearsal in order to become accustomed to them. Prompt and regular attendance at rehearsals must be insisted upon. If a girl misses two rehearsals without good excuse, I should suggest that she be dropped from the cast.

Dress Rehearsals and Otherwise

The dress rehearsal of a play should never be considered a rehearsal to try the effects of the costumes and lights. It is a real performance. A few guests are usually invited as an incentive to your troop. The director sits at the back of the house and interrupts the players only when it is absolutely necessary. It is unwise to make changes in lines or business at this time.

Special rehearsals to review the costuming and lighting should be held *before the dress rehearsal*. If you are giving a costume play, by all means hold a costume rehearsal at least a week before the date of the performance and so avoid the agony of last minute alteration of garments. The lighting and scenery managers should ask for a special rehearsal, in order to discover the effects of the light on the costumes and scenery.

Allow plenty of time for production. The performances of the majority of amateurs show too little rehearsing. It is splendid to feel ready a week before you offer your efforts to the public. From the very first, every minute of the time allotted for rehearsals should be used.

Producing a play for which admission is charged places a definite obligation upon your girls. You must give your audience value received in several ways—in careful production, in the earnest support of each actor and member of the producing staff, and, most of all, in the quality of the play you have chosen.

(On Page 39 you will find Mrs. Hobbs' list of plays girls can give)

IF you wish to have an unusual Christmas card, make it yourself and use the process of block-printing. If you think you can't create your own designs—here are some for you. And you can get some stunning results by printing your design in black on colored paper, and then painting in some of the white portions with tempera water colors mixed with a very little water.

There are endless possibilities in this. Take our Jester. He is gay on orange paper with a cerise cap and collar, and green, gold, and blue bells against the black. He is delightful on green paper with no painting; and he is equally seductive on gold-flecked tan paper, in his black panel with green cap and orange bells.

The Christmas tree design makes an attractive little study with the tree stamped in black on brilliant green paper and the candles and balls painted over in gold and red. Another pretty combination is an olive green tree on gray or tan paper with red, yellow and blue candles and balls.

Use Linoleum

Many people use wood for block-printing. But as linoleum is much easier to cut, it is recommended for Girl Scouts. Ask for a sample or odd piece of Grade A battleship linoleum. Pencil marks show up quite plainly on its brownish surface.

Then decide whether you will put in lettering. Sometimes it fits in above the design, and sometimes at the side or below. The words have to be *backward* on the plate. But you may wait, if you wish, and put in your lettering after you have finished the block-printing.

Work on a bread board and use a sharp, fine-pointed penknife or scalpel. Trace your design onto thin paper, transferring it to the brownish surface of the linoleum. Now you are ready to cut for the design.

Be careful when you cut

The linoleum cuts like cheese, as you discover at the start in cutting the outer margin or the design. To avoid skidding on this straight line, hold the ruler firmly in place and cut slowly along the outer edge right through the linoleum.

The guiding principle in cutting the design is to carve out the portion or lines that are to appear *white* in the print, and to leave in relief between these cut-out portions the part of the design that is to come in contact with the ink and show as black in the print.



Stamp your tree in black on brilliant green paper

Watch carefully to see that you do not cut in the wrong place. Mark off with your knife, at the offset, the parts which you are to leave untouched, lest in your zeal you trespass beyond boundary lines. So, in the case of the Jester, run your knife slowly in one continuous stroke around his hat and collar and then run your knife under bits big or little of the surrounding territory until it is a level plane about one eighth inch below him.

They're Block-Printed

*These quaint Christmas cards
any Girl Scout can make*

By MARGARET O. GOLDSMITH

A word of precaution about the cutting

(1) Cut away the portion of the design that is to be white in the print, and level it off so that no part can come in contact with the ink in printing. But do not penetrate to the canvas backing of your piece of linoleum.

(2) The boundary line of a raised portion of the design should be clean cut, not jagged. That is why it is best to outline such portions at the start, and to lift the blade as few times as possible.

(3) There is only one way to hold the knife in following a pencil line. That is, to slant it slightly away from the portion of the linoleum to remain uncut. Then, if the knife slips, it will cut into a space that is going to be cut out later anyway.

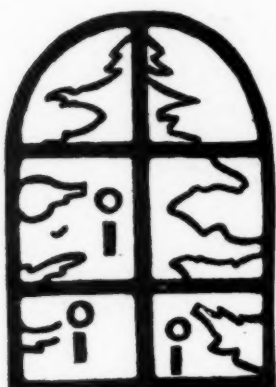
Watch your white spaces

The difficult thing for a Girl Scout who has not tried block-printing before is to leave very small solid spots in an area to be carved out. So have a care for the face of our Jester.

When the plate is cut, shake off the clinging crumbs of linoleum and mount it on a block of wood an inch or less thick and the length and breadth of your plate. There are two ways of doing this: You can glue the linoleum to the wood in each corner (with real glue, not mucilage) or you can tack the linoleum to the wood in each corner, always through a depressed spot in the design, with small headed nails pounded down below the raised surface, to prevent their catching the ink.

Wear old clothes for printing

Printer's ink is what you need to get good-looking black and white prints, and tempera water color paint, if you want a color print. First, let's discuss the ink. It is thick and "gooey" and delights in smearing everything. When you go to the nearest printer of handbills, or a newspaper, therefore, take a shallow tin



Just the design for a Christmas card or seal

ed knife from the can to an inking pad. It may be a ready-made pad from a stationer's shop, that is, one that has not been already charged with another kind of ink. Or it may be a home-made one, devised by covering a block of wood with five or six thicknesses of old linen, fine meshed and *not* linty. The linen must be tightly drawn and securely tacked in place. Work the ink into the pad, distributing it evenly over all the surface and removing lumps, however tiny.

Print quickly

This pad takes a lot of ink. Then press the linoleum face down into the pad. Do this several times. Examine carefully the raised part of the design to see that no spot is left uncoated with ink. After the block has once been used, less ink is required to make a good print. Print quickly before the ink has time to dry.

The process of charging the linoleum is just the same if you use tempera paint instead of printer's ink, except that the pad in this case is a square of clean felt. It is important that the paint be as thick as thick cream, so add very little water to the paint as it comes from the tube. A drop of mucilage in the paint makes it print better.

Choose your paper carefully

Two things have to be considered in choosing the kind of paper on which to print the design. It must have a rough, soft finish rather than a hard, glazed surface, so as to beautify the effect of the printing. Yet the paper must have body so that paste will not show through, if you wish to make a seal or a book-plate. Of the various kinds of drawing paper which may be obtained from an artist's supply store, a tan, rough-finished ledger paper is best. Japanese etching paper is even better. Any of the soft Japanese papers for printing purposes, except the thin tissues, give the print an indescribable artistic quality, and take a thin coat of liquid paste nicely.

For your Printing Press

For your printing press, pad a bread board with layers of newspapers. Tack over them a sheet of paper large enough to make several Christmas cards and bring down the inked block onto it, exerting pressure. Without moving the block, pound gently with your fist over every section of the back. Re-ink the block after every impression. After six or more printings you will find it wise to clean off the block—with water if you are using

box to entrap the wily stuff.

Home with it

Use a flexible putty knife in scooping it out and cover the work-table with protecting paper. Wear old clothes. Then you are free to enjoy yourself, like the "bad boys" in school, who forget to be bad when allowed to print.

But how about inking the design? Do you transfer the ink directly from the can to the linoleum? No, indeed. You transfer it with the afore-mention-

tempera, and benzine if you are using printer's ink. The first few prints from a new block are never perfect.

Watch these points

Here are some common defects:

If a white line doesn't show in the print, the corresponding groove on the plate needs to be cut wider and deeper.

If a black line is too thick, pare off some of the corresponding ridge on the plate.

If black smears appear on a supposedly white area of the print, level off the peak of linoleum that is catching the ink.

If part of the design is indistinct, re-ink the pad where that part of the design strikes it, and exert more pressure on that spot when printing.

If fine lines are obliterated, the plate is probably too heavily charged with ink and needs wiping off.

If edges of lines are not sharp, ink has become encrusted in the crevices of the plate, and needs to be removed.

If the paper shows here and there through the black parts of the print, do not think it a defect, for it is one of the distinctive marks of block printing and lends charm.

For book-plates, too

This method of making linoleum block-prints may be used by any Girl Scout who is interested in designing and printing her own book-plate. A troop book-plate will also be an artistic addition to the books which your troop is collecting on Merit Badges, Dramatics, Story Telling and other Scout interests.

A girl at work upon her Artist or her Craftsman Merit Badge will do well to keep this article close at hand for future reference.

Nor are Christmas cards and book-plates the only articles which can be block-printed.

The curtains in your own room, a table-runner for mother's Christmas present, the cover for a Christmas candy box—upon all of these block-printing is a most effective decoration.

But, in any design which you plan, always remember to keep it *simple*. Too many curved lines, too intricate a pattern will blur your effect or you may not be able to cut it, at all, in the soft linoleum.

Note: The American Girl gratefully acknowledges the permission of the author and The Woman's Home Companion to reprint the above article.—EDITOR.



Be careful when you cut this Jolly Jester



Don't you wish you could happen in at this Boston Girl Scout Shop and buy a "surprise"?

Store-keeping in a Girl Scout Shop

By HELEN CLARK

Manager of the Massachusetts Girl Scout Shop

THIS picture of our Shop shows you what a variety store it really is! If you were to come in to visit us (and we wish every one of you *might* come walking in!) you would see on display on one side Scout equipment, and on the other side our gift shop. Near the Christmas holidays we sell many gifts, with all the profits going to the cause of Scouting in this community.

We love to have the Scouts come in to see us and to tell us what they like. We find that they want all articles which are marked either with the words "Girl Scouts," with its letters "G. S." or with pictures of Scouts. They like to find new surprises, especially for birthday gifts and Christmas presents. We try to plan these surprises (which are distinctly Scouty), and we have a variety such as uniform hangers, seals, paper napkins, small notebooks, calendars, pencils, book-plates and Christmas cards. We ask the girls what they like, and they are full of ideas!

Another way the Girl Scouts help our store is by bringing in for sale attractive articles which they have made. We then make an "exchange" arrangement with them by which, if the articles are sold, the Scout or troop who

made them receive the larger share of the money, with our Shop retaining a commission of 15%.

We are hoping that our troops will send us many articles for Christmas time, either for the exchange or as a donation. (No, we don't refuse donations—try us!) For instance, we hope that the girls who live on Cape Cod will make us bags filled with sweet smelling bayberry leaves and bags filled with pine cones to burn in a fireplace. As we are planning a doll sale, we know some of the Scouts will help us dress the dolls.

From our Scouts, you see, we get many ideas and many articles! And often we get the girls themselves. They help us whip rope, pack flag kits, box paper, and when we have a special sale (as we did last Easter when we had our Shop blooming with flowers) we are sure to find Scouts who seem happy to come in and make the Shop run more smoothly.

If you come to Boston town, we hope you will come in and visit the Shop at 725 Boylston Street, Boston, Massachusetts. But if you cannot make us a visit now, we hope you will write us to tell us what you would suggest for a "surprise" article, and to ask us what we have to sell that you might like to buy!

Night on Long Pond

by LESLIE VARICK PERKINS

The wraith-like water mists have stretched and closed
their fingers chill

Around the leaping campfire and left it cold and still,
And silver-bright the moon has edged the tents up on
the hill

When urgently the cry begins, relentlessly and shrill,
"Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will"

Long ago the echoes bearing forth the bugle call
Leaped from the hilltop into space, above the pine trees
tall,

But through the woods that rim the shore where the
deep shadows crawl,

Insistently the phrase repeats and still the sad words fall,
"Whip-poor-will, Whip-poor-will."

"Cookies! Cookies! Delicious Girl Scout Cookies!"

This fine Cookie Day idea was sent to us by the Girl Scouts of Bridgeport, Connecticut. Why not your own Cookie Day? Cookies made from a favorite recipe. Cookies crisp and tempting.

WHAT shall we do about that hole in our Treasury?"

The Girl Scouts of Bridgeport asked that question. The Captains wrinkled their foreheads over it. The Officers' Association discussed it. For a hole in a Treasury is an ugly thing and truly bothersome when you have so many plans for Camp and all the other things you wish to do during the year.

"How shall we earn some money?"

Then someone had an idea. Why not have a Cookie Day? Why not bake and sell cookies, when so many of the Girl Scouts had already earned their Cook's badges, when ever and ever so many of them could build and regulate a fire in a coal or wood stove or tell you how many teaspoonfuls there are in a cup?

Cookies made by the Girl Scouts, by their mothers, by anyone who wished to help. Cookies sold to housewives. A most excellent idea and one that was certain to help banish that Treasury hole!

Making the plans

"When shall Cookie Day be?"

"How shall we sell the cookies? Of course, everyone knows that the Girl Scouts don't sell anything upon the street or without their Captains."

"What recipe shall we use?"

"How can we make sure all the cookies are good? If we should sell some that weren't right, we'd be unpopular, seems to me."

These were the questions which the Bridgeport Captains and patrol leaders asked about the plan. And wise questions they were, too; questions which every town planning a Cookie Day will do well to ask—and answer.

Cookie Day in Bridgeport was held in connection with the giving of their scout pageant, "The Spirit of Girlhood." There was a great deal of publicity in the newspapers about the pageant. And, because the scouts planned their Cookie Day well in advance, whenever there was pageant publicity, Cookie Day publicity just naturally tagged along. So the date for Cookie Day was set. Next, ho for the Committees!

The Committees

What recipe was to be used for making the cookies? A Committee was

GIRL SCOUT



COOKIES

appointed to select the recipe and to inspect the cookies that were to be sold—all cookies to be brought to a central meeting place by a certain time.

How were the cookies to be wrapped? Any old way? Or with that touch of distinction which we all like to think characterizes all Girl Scout enterprises? With distinction, of course! Specially printed paper bags—wouldn't anyone pause before a bag printed with the design reproduced on this page? A Committee on the printing of bags, then.

Where were the cookies to be sold? Very well, a Committee to make plans for the taking of orders, for securing space on Cookie Day in stores, banks, even the fish market; a Committee to

arrange for posters announcing Cookie Day.

Be sure of Your Recipe and Your Publicity

The recipe which was finally selected in Bridgeport is that given on this page. News of the plan was quickly spread about. The girls and their captains told all their friends about it and orders at once came in. Newspapers gave information that orders would be received at certain places and housewives, who had no Girl Scout daughters but who did have husbands who liked cookies, sent in their orders.

Heads of the department stores, of banks, of (as we said) the fish market readily gave permission for the cookies to be placed as part of their regular stock or to be displayed upon special tables during Cookie Day.

In the High School, where "The Spirit of Girlhood" was given, tables were planned, as well as distribution of cookies by the ushers.

Wrap Your Cookies Attractively

Girl Scouts in every Bridgeport troop baked cookies for their Cookie Day. They then brought the cookies to the appointed meeting place. Members of the Officers' Association inspected and wrapped all cookies in oiled paper, placing them in paper bags stamped with the cut of the Hostess Girl Scout.

These paper bags were inexpensive. The silhouette drawing of the Hostess Girl Scout, seen above, has two advantages: it shows up well in print and can be reproduced with little additional expense. Money expended upon

(Continued on page 43)

The Bridgeport Cookie Recipe

- 1 cup of butter
- 1 cup of sugar
- 2 tablespoonfuls of milk
- 2 eggs
- 1 teaspoonful of vanilla
(or 2 teaspoonfuls of nutmeg)
- 2 cups of flour
- 2 teaspoonfuls of baking powder

Cream butter and sugar, add well-beaten eggs, then milk, flavoring, flour and baking powder. Roll thin, sprinkle sugar on top, and bake in quick oven.

Nancy Lee Adventures It

(Continued from page 6)

You know she would *not* believe me when I assured her that Bermuda was a *summery* climate all the year round and that she'd scarcely need every winter garment she possessed in the world. She has taken every last stitch and the accumulation has filled to overflowing two huge Saratoga trunks. I warned her that she couldn't have them in the stateroom (so the steamer-folder said) but she wouldn't believe it. She has lived to regret *that*, however!

We got to the steamer half an hour before sailing-time and trundled down to our stateroom to dispose of our hand luggage—and then the fun began! Miss Miranda gave one horrified glance about it and exclaimed:

"Does anyone expect me to sleep in this stuffy little hole—and on those *shelves*?" She pointed to the berths.

"Why, Miss Miranda, you surely didn't expect a four-poster bed?" I said. "You see they couldn't fit one in here. The next best thing is a cabin-de-luxe on the promenade deck. I believe they have beds in them. But you wouldn't care for the price."

For I have discovered that one of Miss Miranda's pet failings is a decided penuriousness. I mentioned the price. She groaned and reiterated her determination not to sleep in 'this coop', whatever else she did. Then she glanced around, missed something and made another pounce on me.

"I don't see my Saratoga trunks!" I reminded her that they could not be put in the stateroom, but had gone in the hold.

"But they have all my heavy underwear in them!" she exclaimed. "What am I to do if it turns colder?"

Just at this crucial moment the warning whistle blew, so we left the question of trunks and other things unsettled and went on deck to watch them cast off. It was raining torrents and a cold, damp wind was blowing. Miss Miranda refused to stand outside, so I put her in the music-saloon and went back to watch by myself while the big ship drew out from the pier.

When the bugle tooted for luncheon, and I had got Miss Miranda with considerable difficulty down to our seats at the table, I had the surprise of my life. For there, seated right across from us was—who but those delightful people from our church—Mr. and Mrs. Amory! The ones I've always admired so much

and longed to know. They recognized Miss Miranda and greeted her cordially and she introduced me (rather grudgingly, I thought) and they began to say how delightful it was that we were all going on the same trip. But Miss Miranda appeared far more concerned about the drip from a leaky skylight just over our heads and spent her time complaining to me about it, which made conversation with the Amorys rather difficult. (But that's Miss Miranda!)

Toward the middle of the meal the vessel began to have a gorgeous roll from side to side and one by one, people were leaving the table with singular haste. For a moment I was puzzled. Then it suddenly dawned on me. They were beginning to be seasick! I hadn't had a suspicion of a qualm and was eating away with an immense appetite. But as I turned to Miss Miranda, I found her surveying her plate with a fixed stare.

"What is the matter?" I asked.

Her only reply was, "Get me up to the music-room and don't ask questions!"

"But oughtn't you to go to our stateroom?" I remonstrated.

"The music-room!" she insisted stonily, and I knew I'd better obey at once. So forsaking the rest of my tempting menu, I got me to my task. On Miss Miranda's state for the rest of the day it were wisdom not to dwell. Suffice it to say that to the music-room she went—and in the music-room she stayed, and is there this blessed minute—11:30 P. M. Nor has she the faintest intention of seeking her downy couch in the stateroom! She speedily exchanged my ministrations for those of a harassed but obliging stewardess and whenever I approach her, she regards me with the same stony stare and commands me to "Go away!"

Thank goodness, I'm not seasick. I fully expected to be. But I guess I'm made of the stuff that isn't, for this is really a severe storm and out of one hundred and eighty passengers, only forty have been visible since lunch. When I had definitely assured myself that I could do nothing for Miss M., and that she

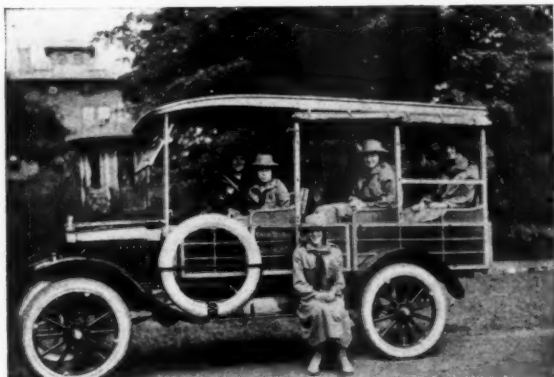
was in competent hands, I got on some storm clothes, tied up my hair under my tam and made a bee-line for the deck. The ocean was a gorgeous sight and I spent all afternoon watching it.

But best of all, I had a wonderful opportunity to get really acquainted with the Amorys, who are fortunately not among the seasick and were enjoying the weather like myself. They are perfectly charming people. You remember what she looks like, or at least I've described her to you from seeing her in church,—gray-haired, with beautiful big brown eyes and a young-looking face and darling little smile. And he, with his crisply curly gray hair and twinkling blue eyes and big, powerful frame and wonderful manners, is, as Mother would say, 'a gentleman of the old school'. I've discovered that he is one of the heads of a big publishing-house in New York and am thrilled to pieces to know such a person. For you know my ambition,—my very foolish one, I suppose,—to be a writer myself some day. But I don't want the Amorys to guess that. It seems too silly!

Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody good, and thanks to Miss Miranda's indisposition, I've made some lovely friends. I feel certain I'd never have had the opportunity, if she had been around. I privately named her 'The Gorgon' the first moment I saw her and the title is proving more appropriate every day. You remember the Gorgon in mythology who turned everyone to stone that looked at it. That's precisely the effect she seems to have, turns your pleasantest remarks, your kindest intentions, your gayest humors into stone with her frosty stare and selfish,



Goldilocks and the Three Bears—every one a Girl Scout in Quincy, Mass.



Camp Trefoil's Camp Car, Danbury, Conn.

suspicious temperament. I never saw such a woman. How can anyone be made that way? However, don't worry about me. I'm having a delightful time, in spite of her, thanks to my being able to see the comical side of things—and the Amorys!

I went to the music-saloon about nine this evening and made one final effort to move Miss Miranda to her proper domain. It was worse than useless and the stewardess assured me I'd better leave her where she was. So I gave it up, secretly thankful to have the stateroom to myself. It's a weird, angry, wonderful night, with the ocean dashing against the closed port-hole every other minute. But I love it! Goodnight—and more later!

Next Night.

It has been an unusual day, an eighty-five mile gale but no more rain. We are in the Gulf Stream and it is as warm as summer! Miss Miranda still continues in the music-room in a state of coma. Nor is she alone in her glory there, for the divans are draped with her fellow-sufferers in various stages of despair. I had hoped this morning to persuade her to eat some breakfast and try to get on deck, but she would have none of me nor my proffered eatables and withdrew into her shell like a turtle after she had uttered the startling remark that she hoped this vessel would go to the bottom—soon!

I fled once more from the vision of her misery and ate a hearty breakfast.

It must be awful to feel that way. I'm really sorry for Miss Miranda, though her indisposition is a godsend to me. Had another delightful day with the Amorys. We have become such friends that I have told them a great deal about ourselves and (in spite of my determination of yesterday) a little about my own hopes and ambitions. They are so interested and friendly that one simply can't help but confide in them.

them sometimes. Bermuda isn't such a big place, after all. I'm so sleepy that I can't keep my eyes open, so goodnight, Betsy dear!

Two days later.

Such wonderful news to end up this letter with, oh my Betsy! But let me begin where I left off, or my story'll get all tangled up. On the morning of our last day at sea, I awoke to find the gale subsided and everything much more serene. I went at once to the music-room and Miss Miranda, and found her imbibing a glass of orange-juice. Her revival meant trouble for me, however, and I spent the rest of the morning fetching and carrying for her like a veritable galley-slave.

I had made up my mind to get her out on deck if it was humanly possible and, after breakfast (when I was at last allowed to get any!), I went to the music-room to begin the campaign. But Miss Miranda was adamant! She had recovered to that extent, she declared, and she wasn't going to jeopardize her recovery by moving an inch. I may add right here that she kept strictly to her word, nor did she budge from that roost till we cast anchor in Grassy Bay!

In the middle of the afternoon, as I sat staring patiently at Miss Miranda, (she had kept me there literally all that time, though I just yearned to be out on deck watching the wonderful, turquoise-blue ocean and the flying fish and all the new wonders I heard being talked about), Mr. Amory came in and asked her if she could spare me to go outside a few moments. He wanted to show me something. I could see by her expression that she would have just loved to say no, but she stands somewhat in awe of the Amorys and didn't quite dare to be so unreasonable, I suppose. Anyhow, she grudgingly nodded and he led me to the prow of

the ship and told me to look through his field-glasses.

And there, along the horizon in a dim, wavy line, lay a fairylike mist of green hills and snow-white patches which he told me were really the coral roofs of houses—the lovely Bermuda group, at last. I haven't an idea how long I stood there with the Amorys, watching the approach to the islands. We swung round a great bluff called St. David's Head and the ship nosed her way slowly along inside the reef, close to the lovely North shore. At one spot, I saw through the glasses, a little stream emptying into the ocean and on its banks a delightful-looking hotel gay with flags flying from the roof.

"That's the Braithwaite, our abiding-place," Mr. Amory informed me, and I replied that I wished it were ours also, but there was no telling where Miss Miranda would be moved to pitch her tent.

Mr. Amory only laughed and said, "Wait and see!" Which remark I did not at all understand at the time.

Suddenly Mr. Amory asked me if I had packed to go ashore and I guiltily realized that I had neither done that nor had I been near Miss Miranda for the last hour or more. I fled to the music-room expecting an explosion of reproaches—only to find that dear lady, Mrs. Amory, sitting in close and apparently most amicable converse with the Gorgon! So interested was Miss Miranda that she forgot to upbraid me, but merely bade me go down to the stateroom and fetch her hat and wraps and see that the luggage was all right.

I rushed away and hurled my things into my suitcase and steamer-trunk (Miss Miranda had never unpacked hers!) and scrambled upstairs again. When we were at last landed and had gone through the custom-house ceremony, I turned to bid the Amorys good-bye and to commence the struggle with the boarding-house proposition, surmising it would be long and tedious. What then was my astonishment when Miss Miranda announced:

"We shall drive to the Braithwaite! Get a carriage at once!" And, seeing my astonished stare, "No, don't begin to argue." (As if I'd be likely to!) "I am going to try it for a few days. Mrs. Amory has assured me that the situation is just what I need. Hurry and get a carriage!"

Marvelous Mrs. Amory! In ten minutes' casual conversation, she had effected what I couldn't have done in

(Continued on next page)



Earn Your Christmas Presents For Your Friends

WOULDN'T your troop chums like Girl Scout presents for Christmas? Wouldn't official Scout stationery, handkerchiefs, a mirror, a web belt, or a mess kit be the most appropriate and welcome presents a Girl Scout could receive?



All you have to do to earn these presents is to secure new subscribers to *The American Girl*. (Do not count your own subscription as one). Just a little effort in your spare time. It will be so easy. Show them your November issue. Tell them about our plans for the future—about our game and party pages, our Campkins and all the rest.

Do not stop at Girl Scouts. Try other girls, too, for any girl will like a magazine of her own, planned especially for girls. (Perhaps the Scouting parts will make her a Girl Scout, too).

When you have secured all the subscriptions you can, check the names of the premiums you wish on the list below and send it in, together with the printed names and addresses of the new subscribers you have secured and \$1.50 for each subscription.

HERE IS THE LIST Check, Clip, and Mail It To Us

Premium Department,
The American Girl,
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189 Lexington Ave., N. Y. C.

I wish the premiums I have checked below. I am sending the amount indicated.

	No. subscriptions
<input type="checkbox"/> Nickel Pocket Mirror	1
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<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Web Belt	2
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<input type="checkbox"/> <i>The American Girl</i>	3
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Knife	5
<input type="checkbox"/> Handy Flash Light	5
<input type="checkbox"/> First Aid Kit	8
<input type="checkbox"/> Heavy Web Haversack	10
<input type="checkbox"/> Handy Mess Kit	12
<input type="checkbox"/> Girl Scout Bugle	12

My name is

My address is



(Continued from page 35)

a month of Sundays. How does she do it? Well, the long and short of it is that we're here, in this delightful hotel, under the same roof with the Amorys. There are many other interesting people staying here, too.

And there is Andy! Life has assumed a new and enlivened aspect since I encountered Andy Sanderson. He is twelve years old and undersized for his age. He has a shock of brilliant red hair which seems to stand on end all over his head. His face is covered with freckles as large as ginger snaps (more or less) and he is altogether a veritable imp of mischief.

But he has a truly original little soul and he has evidently discovered a sympathetic attitude in me, for he hailed me the very first evening as a kindred spirit and invited me out for a sail next day in his catboat, the 'Ripsnorter'. It's lucky I didn't accept for (as I've discovered since) Miss Miranda has a horror of small boats and would probably have sent me packing back home, had she heard the dreadful news of my daring to enter one!

I became acquainted with him through offering to help him make a kite. He was struggling with the proposition alone, down in the lobby that first evening, and making rather a mess of it. So I offered to hold the paper taut while he pasted, and his little homely face lit up with a charming smile.

"Gee, but you're good!" he said to me. "Most folks think I am a nuisance and want to get as far away as they can."

We became firm friends from that minute and he has stuck to me like a burr ever since—when Miss Miranda isn't claiming my attentions. Andy detested Miss Miranda at first sight and has detested her still more since he discovered she is a born 'veranda-squatter'. You simply can't pry her off that hotel porch!

But here's the thing I want to tell you before I close this letter. And I've got to do it quickly or it won't go back on the return steamer to New York. I was sitting on the rocks by the ocean this morning when Andy came scrambling to me and stood before me with folded arms and tragic attitude and gravely recited the following:

*A person whose name is Miranda,
Was glued to the hotel veranda.
She sure is a tartar
And makes you a martyr.
I really don't see how you stand
her!*

"Andrew Sanderson," I said severely, "You are a very disrespectful boy and you know it." But I guess the little wretch saw the grin I was trying to suppress.

"Well, it's true, ain't it?" he retorted. "Jinks! She's got my goat so I just had to make a limerick of it!"

"So that's what you call them, limericks?" I laughed. "Are you often afflicted that way?"

"Oh, lots," he replied. "I've got 'em bad this morning. Here's another:"

*There was a young lady named
Nancy,
To whom I have taken a fancy,
She's here with a freak,
Who'd kill me in a week,
And why Nancy don't can her I
can't see!*

"That'll do," I remarked, rather annoyed. "And if it's all you have to say, you'd better go right along. Besides, it was very bad grammar!"

But the dreadful boy was unabashed. "Say, Nancy!" he whispered to me, as though he were afraid someone would hear him, "There's a place right around here that has something awful queer about it. Honest to goodness, it's a regular mystery. And I discovered it all by myself. Won't you come with me this afternoon so's I can show it to you?"

"Tell me, what is it?" I asked, forgetting his sauciness.

But he wouldn't tell me a single thing about it. So I've promised to go mystery-hunting with Andy while Miss Miranda is taking her nap. Wouldn't it be killing if I had something really exciting to tell you by the next mail? Of course, one minute I know there can't be any mystery. But the next I'm wondering what on earth Andy has discovered. He's such a bright boy and you can't fool him. Anyway, good-bye for now, Betsy dear, and oceans of love to yourself and Mother. I miss you both terribly in spite of all the queer, interesting times I'm having.

Your own

Nancy.

Next Month—the Buccaneer's Cove! No one could have been more surprised than Nancy when Andy led her to that strange, weird place. Enter—the mystery! See whether you can solve it before Nancy and Andy do.

Thanksgiving Plus

(Continued from page 10)

tic clutch that both of them would fall to the terra cotta tiled terrace fifteen feet below. But none of her fear showed in her voice, when she said, "Wait a moment, Juliet, until you're used to it. You see it isn't hard! This beam's six inches wide—and it's just a little way to the second post. . . . Come on, dear—"

Slowly, inch by inch they made it. . . . Back of them there boomed a rumble and a series of crashes. . . . The pergola beam that they had quitted, the one upon which Juliet had been induced to step, caught fire, was weakened and carried down by the falling of a chimney. Again Juliet swayed.

"My, we're lucky!" said Virginia as she might have said a rather intense, "Nice day," "Now, aren't we?" reaching for the post and Juliet laughed, a laugh that ended in a sob.

At this moment, Zeb appeared with a ladder. "Tool house 'n everything locked," he quavered, his face smeared with smoke, "Had to bust a winda."

"Set it up, Zeb," called down Virginia. "Now then, Juliet."

Just then Faith ran up. "Get them down! They'll fall!" she screamed.

But they didn't fall. Slowly they descended the ladder, Virginia first, talking soothingly to Juliet.

And the rest of the night? Well, it wasn't a night. . . . It was a glorification enacted in the upper part of an old farm house, a glorification that was flavored with the laughter and tears of relief and gratitude and appreciation! Oh, *such* appreciation!

Juliet who seemed to think that if Virginia left her for one minute the whole shaky act would have to be done over again, sat propped up in an old four poster bed, clinging to her new friend's hand while she said, "I always wanted to know you, but you seemed a little stiff—"

"And Juliet's shy," added Miss Knightly.

"Yes," repeated Juliet, as would a well trained, unquestioning child, "I'm shy."

"Oh, nonsense," said Virginia, whose common sense was destined to mean more in Juliet Vance's life than anything that had ever entered it, "You're not; you just think so. Warm enough?"

"Yes," answered Juliet as she gave her friend the sort of look that very

loving and affectionate dogs give to kind and adored masters. Then grandmother appeared with hot chocolate and doughnuts that were as silvery from powdered sugar as was the world outside from crisp light snow and the touch of the moon.

"Of course," went on grandmother, "you'll stay here to-morrow and have your Thanksgiving with us."

"Oh," said Juliet Vance, as she flushed from pleasure, "wouldn't that be nice?"

And Miss Knightly said, "But the trouble for you?"

To which grandmother responded, "Well, I'll set you all to work."

V.

What a Thanksgiving Day! The little village church and in it real prayers of thanksgiving; then the big kitchen, warm, and full of the fragrances that should be in a kitchen on this glad day. Zeb cluttered in every other minute, it seemed, with wood for the stove and each time she offered some comment about the weather, or the fire, or the lucky escape, to which Juliet always answered the most cordially of all.

"He's so *kind*," she said to Faith who had been foolish about Zeb the day before.

"Yes," Faith agreed in a little voice. "He is."

"And he's lots of fun," said Virginia. "We'll ask him in for games after dinner, if grandmother will let us."

"Surely, dearies, the more the merrier, and it would please Zeb," said the little old lady who had pushed her spectacles up on her forehead so that the steam from the turkey she was basting wouldn't haze her sight.

"There's only one thing that isn't nice about this day," said Virginia at dinner, when the new friends were just beginning to feel that they were real and old ones, "and that is our fathers aren't here."

"The storm kept them," said grandmother as she looked out at the prematurely white landscape. "But they'll be along!"

And sure enough! After a few games, and a little corn-popping, after Zeb had done a clog, and Juliet had played "a piece" for grandmother on the thin-toned, old piano, a big motor rolled into the farm yard, then a little one. From the first stepped a white

(Continued on next page)



Save a life for Christmas

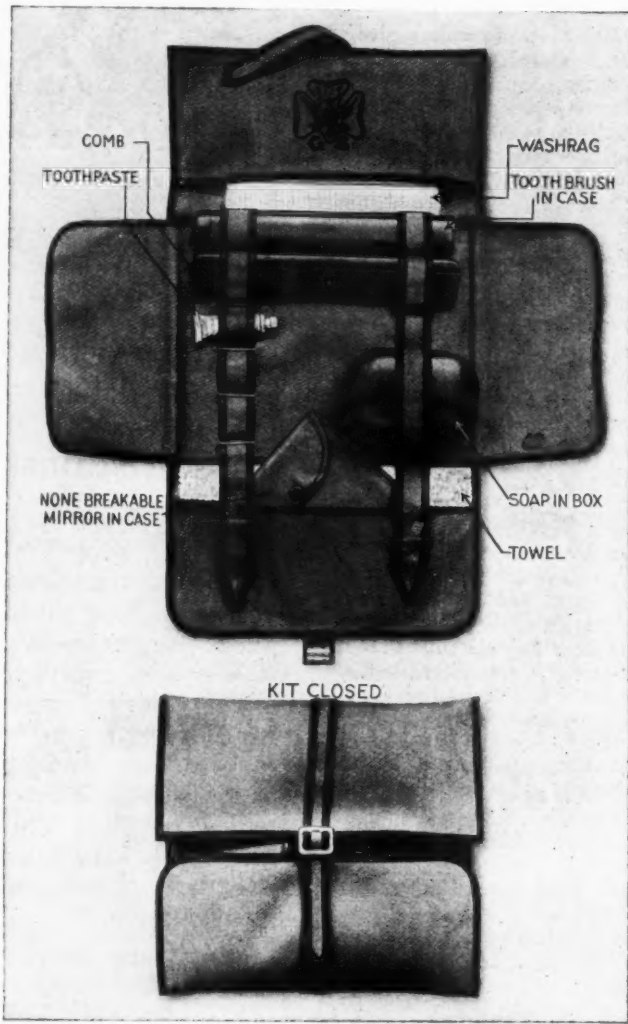
WHILE you are giving, give health. There are thousands of sufferers from tuberculosis, forgotten by all the world except the Tuberculosis Association. It needs your support to carry on its life-saving work. You help when you buy Christmas Seals—the Liberty Bonds in the war upon consumption.

Buy Christmas Seals! Buy as many as you can. The Great White Plague can be stamped out entirely. Christmas Seals are saving many lives. Buy Christmas Seals, and save a life for Christmas.

The
National, State, and Local Tuberculosis
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Tuberculosis
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Take a Girl Scout Toilet Kit with you. This one comes in khaki color, rubberized fabric, fitted with towel, wash cloth, soap, tooth brush, tooth paste, comb, and mirror. Decorated with the Girl Scout seal. Excellent for school, travel, camp and weekends. Only \$2.25.

National Supply Dept., 189 Lexington Ave., N. Y.

Does Your Mother Ever Ask You What You Would Like for Christmas?



Tell her this year you would like THE AMERICAN GIRL. Tell her about its Scouting news from all over the world, its pictures of Girl Scouts and Scouting, about its handicraft and nature lore articles, about the truly good poetry, and the exciting stories. Show her this number and tell her it costs only \$1.50 for twelve issues.

THE AMERICAN GIRL
189 Lexington Avenue New York

Thanksgiving-Plus

(Continued from page 37)

faced man who was Juliet Vance's busy father. From the second came a proud faced man who was the father of a heroine.

"We heard all about the fire in town," explained Mr. Vance.

Mr. Stanley hugged his younger daughter until she was lifted quite off her feet, "but, Virginia, how could you? You've always been so dizzy on high places, dear."

"I didn't think of that, Daddy," answered Virginia in a most everyday manner, "Something *had* to be done, you see!"

The evening went quickly and once more Faith and Virginia were up in the bedroom with its sloping roof.

"I wonder what Mr. Vance was saying to father so long," pondered Faith.

Just then their father came in.

"Well, chickies!" he said as he sat down on the edge of the bed.

"Well, daddy?" echoed Virginia.

"You know my land near the Vance place?" he went on.

The girls nodded.

"Mr. Vance is going to buy it!" announced Mr. Stanley, joyfully. "He has been thinking of leaving this neighborhood altogether and building a summer place at Lake Placid. But now—well—" (and Mr. Stanley gave Virginia's 'old brown rope' an affectionate pull), "now he wants to stay where his daughter can have good times with her new friends. Mr. Vance says he likes girls like mine, who aren't frilly and silly."

Faith and Virginia snuggled close.

"And I don't mind your knowing now what has been worrying me," went on their father. "Business has been bad and I thought any chance for selling my land was gone, for good and all. But now Mr. Vance has bought it and that relieves the situation all along the line. So—!" And he kissed them good night.

"Aren't you glad," said Faith, after their father had gone and lights were out in the old farmhouse, "that we came to grandmother's for Thanksgiving?"

"Uh-huh," murmured Virginia, drowsily, "and Juliet says she's going to have a party for us. Isn't that lovely?"

Give THE AMERICAN GIRL for
Christmas

Plays Which Girls Can Give

Selected for the Girl Scouts by Mrs. Hobbs

(Special note: I would suggest that a troop who have never before produced a play choose a short one for their first production. M. H.)

THE FIRST THANKSGIVING DINNER by *Marjorie Benton Cooke*. 6 female, 6 male, Indians and extras. Male parts may be played by the girls as they wear Puritan costumes. The first Thanksgiving dinner is planned and cooked in the kitchen of Dame Brewster. Priscilla, John Alden, Miles Standish are all there to say nothing of the friendly Indians. It is quite possible to cut the drill of the colonists and to simplify the dinner. The true Thanksgiving spirit is well expressed in this delightful little play. Published by the Dramatic Publishing Co., 542 S. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill., price 25c.

FESTIVAL OF THE HARVEST MOON by *Sue Ann Wilson*. 17 principals, 15 or more groups. A 20th Century folk festival combining recreation and pageantry. This contains a Thanksgiving episode of great beauty and dignity and would form an interesting number on a general program. Obtained from The Womans Press, 600 Lexington Ave., New York, price 50c.

THE THREE THANKSGIVINGS by *Faith Van Valkenburgh Vilas*. A play in three scenes with a short prologue and epilogue. Has been successfully produced by several school groups. Cast of 20. If it is possible for the Girl Scouts to obtain the assistance of a few boys for the male parts, we recommend this play as it produces very easily and holds a good deal of community interest. The purpose of the comedy is to show that the modern Thanksgiving with its tendency to selfish indulgence is not half so much fun as one wherein the host brings to his table lonely and less fortunate ones. A great deal of comedy is introduced through the characters of Cranberry Sauce, Gravy, etc. Published by Community Service, 315 Fourth Ave., New York, price 25c.

DREAM LADY in "Six Fairy Plays" by *Netta Syrett*. 2 boys, 4 girls, extras. All girls may take the parts. One garden scene. The story of the Princess who would not marry the Prince until he was able to share with her the vision of the Dream Lady. Only children and people with imagination had ever been able to see her. Age 12 to 20 years. The book also includes five other excellent plays. Published by John Lane, may be obtained from the Drama Bookshop, 29 West 47th St., New York, price \$1.25.

THE HONOR OF THE CLASS by *Eleanor M. Crane*. 1 act—interior. 9 girls. Scene a room in a girl's boarding school. A member of the class is accused of plagiarism by the principal but finally is exonerated. Easily produced and of value chiefly for the enjoyment it gives girls to take part in a school play. Age 13 to 17 years. Published by Samuel French, 28 West 38th St., New York, price 30c.

WHERE FAIRIES FAIL, a delightful play by *Mary McKitterick*. 6 speaking parts and important pantomime work for Puck and his elves. All girls may take part. Age 12 to 16 years. One large girl with a heavy voice is necessary to portray the character of the wicked master. Story of two children, who, running away from the wicked master, find themselves in the forest with fairies and elves surrounding them. The man following them to the forest is caught in a magic circle by the elves and is unable to get to the children. Published by Old Tower Press, 59 East Adam St., Chicago, Ill., price 40c.

\$1000 in Cash Prizes

Here it is!

Milton Bradley Girls & Boys Booklovers Contest



Evangeline

BY
Henry Wadsworth
Longfellow

With Prose Version by Carolyn Sherwin Bailey
Beautifully Illustrated. Price \$3.00

HERE it is, Girls and Boys—your opportunity. If you have not yet reached your sixteenth birthday, you may enter this contest. It is a contest you will get a lot of fun out of. Entertaining, as well as profitable. To learn more about the thousands of girls and boys that read Bradley Books, we are offering over 250 cash prizes, totaling \$1,000.00, for the best compositions on the subject—"What I Like About My Bradley Book and Why?"

You may choose any of the many titles or any passages or event in the particular Bradley Book you decide to write about. Wouldn't you like to have twenty nice, crisp, new five-dollar bills? That is the first prize—\$100.00. The second prize is \$75.00, and there are hundreds of others. The age and sex of contestants will be given careful consideration in making the awards, so everyone has an equal chance.

Read the Thrilling

Bradley Quality Books

Try for a Big Cash Prize!

Girls like such books as "Evangeline"—"The Skipper of the Cynthia B"—narratives full of romance and chivalry. Books of fables, too, for little folks.



**The Skipper
of the
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by
Charles Pendexter
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EDWARD F. BIGELOW, Editor
ArcAdiA

SOUND BEACH

CONNECTICUT



Interesting Books for Girl Scouts

By ANNABEL HUBBARD
PHELPS

When Archibald Marshall, the English author, visited us at our home, Seven Gables, two years ago, it was deeply interesting to hear him talk about his own home life in England, and we realized how it came about that he so thoroughly understands the character of young girls. He has four clever daughters of his own, of whom he told so many amusing stories that we felt acquainted with them ourselves. And we saw how well equipped he was to create the Clinton "twankies," those girl twins whom we all may meet in his books.

In England the Marshalls have an old gardener named Sims. One morning, Betty, the youngest Marshall daughter, went into the garden and said to him, "Sims, I must go away for a little while and will you look after my rabbits?"

Sims replied gravely, "Oh, yes, Miss, and if I gets a 'arf hour, I'll sit down and read to them."

Another time Betty rushed excitedly out of the house and cried, "Sims! have you seen my white dancing mouse anywhere?"

"Why, yes, Miss, only an hour ago I saw him going up them steps with the cat."

Mr. Marshall regaled us with these and many other good stories of his young people and we felt that every girl should read his novels of the Clinton family. To read these tales is like visiting an old English country home: to learn by example the value and meaning of good manners, tact, modesty, fineness of perception, consideration for others, and sincere kindness.

If a Girl Scout wishes to become acquainted with the Clinton twins in the most interesting way possible, she will read the four Clinton stories in the following order, growing up with the twins themselves. 1. *THE SQUIRE'S DAUGHTER*, 2. *THE ELDEST SON*, 3. *THE HONOUR OF THE CLINTONS*, 4. *THE OLD ORDER*

CHANGETH. (Dodd, Mead and Co., publishers.)

* * *

It was at the Girl Scout banquet for Sir Robert and Lady Baden-Powell at the Hotel Commodore in New York. I happened to be sitting at the same table with a charming Girl Scout from Brooklyn, who was intensely interested in the conversation by some English people present, who were discussing Joseph Conrad. It appeared that she had read every word he had published and admired his mastery of English style. She was especially fond of "THE TY-PHOON" and of "THE NIGGER OF THE NARCISSUS." During the dinner she slipped out for a moment to the hotel bookstall, bought a copy of one of his works, and I obtained for her Conrad's signature in it, when he visited at our home in New Haven the following week.

* * *

Younger Girl Scouts and Brownie Packs who are fond of animals will be interested in "SANDY AND HER ANIMAL PALS," by Frank Thompson, published by the Stratford Company, in Boston. The little heroine Sandy has amazing experiences with her Sailor Cat Billiken and with Skewer the Dog. Some young folks visiting us last summer in Michigan were entranced by the hour upon hearing this book read aloud.

Our young visitors were also especially fond of "HALF PAST BED TIME," by the distinguished English novelist, H. H. Bashford, published by Houghton, Mifflin Company, Boston. The artistic illustrations in the book are by the author himself.

* * *

"TOMORROW ABOUT THIS TIME," by Grace Livingston Hill, published by the Lippincotts, in Philadelphia, is an extremely up-to-date novel dealing with the Flapper and contrasting her with a young girl of far finer type. One is noisy, flashy, artificial; the other modest, quiet, sincere. Grace Hill is well known as a writer of good stories for the young.

* * *

Finally let me heartily recommend two little books on popular astronomy, written by Gaylord Johnson, and published by the Macmillan Company. They are called "THE STAR PEOPLE" and "THE SKY MOVIES" and are profusely illustrated in an original manner. These books give the position of the chief constellations and explain the movements of the moon and of the planets.

'Melia's Land of Dreams

(Continued from page 12)

"Our names are Stacey, Bobs, Lou, and Jean," the patrol leader told her, pointing out each one.

"I'm 'Melia," their rescuer responded briefly. And then, after a moment of incredulous staring, she cried: "Stacey! Are you Stacey Holland, mebbe?" And she flushed more deeply each instant beneath her amber sunburn.

"Why, yes, surely I am," Stacey agreed. "Only—why—and how?"

"Then I've got somethin' belongs to you," 'Melia admitted. "The water's spiled it some, but not so's I mind. Mebbe you would, though," she added, almost hopefully, a little as if she wished Stacey would not care to claim her lost possession. "I'll git it," 'Melia said, and disappeared swiftly within the nearest shack.

"What on earth can it be?" Stacey wondered.

"She's a queer one," Lou murmured.

"I like her," Jean said. "Did you ever see such blue eyes! I'd like to look at people as straight as that!"

'Melia returned, leaping the hut's three steps at once. In her hands she bore tenderly what once had been a book, so swollen now, and stretched by water that it was almost cylindrical.

"Some o' the pages never will come right," 'Melia explained ruefully, fingering the distorted leaves, "but most on 'em I pryed open. Here—see your name there?"

She thrust it out, and indicated a blurred purple scrawl of "Stacey

Holland" in indelible pencil on the fly-leaf.

"Well, as I live!" Jean cried, "It's your Scout Handbook, Stace, that fell out of the Wad-dalongway back in July! I supposed the crabs had eaten it!"

"It come ashore one tide," 'Melia explained. "I be'n

readin' and readin' of it." She held it, still, rather as if she could not bring herself to put it in its owner's hands.

"Do keep it, if you can read it," Stacey said. "I'm going to get a new one as soon as I strike town."

"I guess you'd laugh at me," 'Melia said suddenly after a little silence.

"Of course not, what about?" Jean urged.

"I learned off all them things—how to git to be a Tenderfoot. Some on 'em I knew, like them knots, 'cause I've tied all kinds o' knots ever since I could run. But I guess it wouldn't do any good, 'cause I read in there how the Scouts go in troops together, and there's nary other girl on the Island, 'ceptin' Bert Bailey's little uns, jest crawlin'."

This was a very long speech indeed, and after it the Meadow Larks took counsel.

"Couldn't she be?"

"Let's ask Mac!"

"Let's take her to Mac!"

So when 'Melia's pa, rubber-booted and red of face, came in from his lobstering, not only the Meadow Larks but 'Melia herself set out in the motor dory for Camp Wegasset. They had worked hard to make her go back to camp with them.

"She'd think I was a crazy one," 'Melia had protested, "Missis Mac would."

But Mac, when the dirty, hungry, and slighty moist Meadow Larks had poured out their tale to her, said to 'Melia, "And when you were reading the Handbook, didn't you see anything about Lone Scouts?"

"I guess that was one of the pages that stuck," 'Melia said.

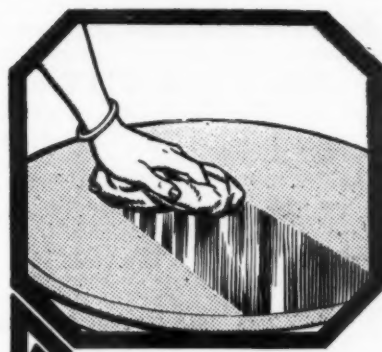
"Well, weren't we dotty," Jean cried. "We might have thought of that ourselves!"

Mac slid her arm within 'Melia's and walked toward her own tent in the cup of the dunes. The Meadow Larks watched unwinkingly, and little Molly and Squib, who had raced up with a fresh batch of wee crabs to put in their elders' pockets, jumped up and down and said:

"What's the matter with you—where have you been—who is she—what happened—were you wrecked—is she a pirate's girl?????" until Lou and Stacey pitched them both head over heels into the soft sand, crabs and all.

In Mac's tent, 'Melia was soberly

(Continued on next page)



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'Melia's Land of Dreams

(Continued from page 41)

assuring the Captain that she had earned enough money peddling clams to buy the golden symbol of Scoutland, "If it didn't cost more 'n a dollar eighteen;" that she knew the Tenderfoot requirements "upside down and hind to" so thoroughly had she pored over them; and that she had desired nothing, since that pulpy wreck of a Handbook had drifted to her, but to join the ranks of Scouting. And all the time she was half unconsciously tying and untying becket hitches and fisherman's bends in a rope end. Mac watched her swift brown fingers and smiled.

"But," she said, "do you think you could be a Scout, here alone? What would it all mean?"

"I reckon," 'Melia said slowly, frowning, "it would make a girl act better all by herself. I reckon if a girl promised that promise she and herself 'd jest natchelly keep it."

Mac took the other end of the rope and drew it in gently till she and 'Melia stood eye to eye.

"You shall be a true Lone Scout," she said. Then she clapped 'Melia on the shoulder. "Now go out and throw crabs at those Meadow Larks."

The Meadow Larks were rather pleased with themselves. Stacey, who was Second Class with aspirations toward First, asked Mac if 'Melia wouldn't count for her as the required "Tenderfoot trained by herself," whereupon Mac hooted at her.

"But it was my Handbook that came ashore and trained her!" shouted Stacey from a safe distance.

The next evening, and it was the last evening of camp, 'Melia supped with the Meadow Larks. Pots were a-boil over the glowing beach fires of the patrols; sun-burned Scouts squatted to windward with driftwood piled in reach. Hilarity was beginning to fade into the sated silence of after-supper. Soon it would be sing-time and moon-time.

That afternoon Captain Mac had passed 'Melia. 'Melia had her own ways of doing things.

"Kin I make the flag how I want? I never was no hand with a pencil, nor a needle 'nuther. Seems I couldn't make the flag so beautiful that way."

So she had measured off with quick hand-spans a plot of hard sand on the beach. With white shells she had placed forty-eight stars; with streaming rippled kelp strands she fashioned

the red stripes. Mac, measuring the sea flag, found it true. And she smiled when 'Melia gathered up all her shells and sea-weed then, scattering to the wind the semblance of the flag . . . "for it sure would be disrespec' if the ol' sea comed in and drowned it," 'Melia explained.

And now dusk fell among the dunes, and only the little fire in the hollow lit the dark line of the shore. Rose-tipped, small waves slid up the beach and hissing fell back. Over the dim sea edge a faint glory marked the rising moon. The troop was gathered silent in a circle; Mac stood by the fire with 'Melia, straight and brown and quivering, beside her.

"To-night we make you Lone Scout of the Island," Mac said. "In summer you shall run with the Wild Rose Troop; there will be room—won't there, Scouts?"

A shouted "Yes!" startled the quiet dunes.

"And in winter," Mac went on, "you will scout alone, never forgetting that one Scout means all of Scouthood, and that you must play the game, 'you and yourself,' as you told me."

Mac unfastened the golden trefoil from her own blouse. It shone out like a little star as the camp-fire leaped up.

"On my honor I will try . . ."

How solemn the words sounded, there in the immense twilight! Even the stars seemed to be listening. Not a Scout stirred. The embers crackled; a small wind ran in the beach grass. 'Melia entered, shining, into the ranks she had thought never to attain.

She was spending the night with the Meadow Larks. The ring around the camp-fire was broken. Coals were banked for the night; voices lapsed into stillness. The bugle sang out, keen and beautiful . . .

"Day is done . . . gone the sun . . ."

"Blankets enough?" asked Stacey.

"Yes, thank ye," said 'Melia.

"Oh," she whispered joyously, "I'm a Scout, an't I? It's true? I'm a Scout—I'm a Scout!"

"It's true," yawned Stacey. "My Scout—I insist upon it."

"I reckon I'm glad to be your Scout," 'Melia whispered.

The moon looked in goldenly between dark tent-flaps. The sound of surf came in fitfully.

"Such dear little crabs," sighed Molly in her sleep.

Our Contest Letters

(Continued from page 17)

To Ida Mary, we say:

A Jungle Story—we have two of them for you. One is written by a woman, Mrs. Eustace, who camped for more than two years in the center of Africa. This story is coming in our March International number and is full of thrilling experiences. The other is not laid in a jungle but is the story of a Girl Scout adventure with a rattle-snake. Watch for it, Ida Mary. You will like it.

Stories that are real and satisfy—don't you agree that Elsie Singmaster's story in October was satisfying? Miss Singmaster has sent us another just as good for 1924. Also, keep your eyes open for "Persevering Ann," the story of a plucky girl who found a means for earning her way through college, when it looked as though everything were against her.

Snow pictures—look for those in January!

Merit Badge Pages—not an issue shall we have without something which will help you with these same badges! In this connection, may we call your attention to our Family Hostess page of games in this issue, as well as our Cookie page? Also, any Girl Scout who has had something published upon our Scout Fancies page has met point number one in her Scribe's badge or point number five in her Journalist badge.

What you have asked for

Next month, we shall publish more of the splendid suggestions which were made by the Girl Scouts who entered the contest. But this month, we have thought you would wish to know what things the greatest number of Scouts have asked for. So we have gathered together all your sug-

gestions and have made a list of them, in the order of greatest frequency. Those suggestions appearing first on the list are those which the greatest number of girls made, and so on.

First, however, your Editor wishes to express her sincere thanks to every girl who sent in a letter. To have your suggestions, at the very time when she was making plans for the new year has been of real help to her. Every Girl Scout, whether or not her letter is mentioned on these pages, may know that by entering the contest she was a true Assistant Editor. Will not many of you help us in gathering good Hike Ideas through our Hike Contest?

More than any other one thing, those who wrote letters requested stories—and stories of so many kinds that our magazine will never be monotonous if we carry out your suggestions. Mystery stories, boarding school stories, college stories, stories with scouting interest, animal stories, adventure stories, travel stories, jolly stories and serials! That is quite an array, isn't it?

Next in order were your requests for Scout activities in other states than your own and in other countries. We are so pleased that you wish news of the Girl Guides of other lands. They are interesting, aren't they?

Poetry—so many of you have requested that, that we are hoping many of you will send us your own poems, too.

Sport articles—yes, the girl of today does enjoy sports of all kinds. Contests—we didn't know so many of you enjoy contests. But we are so happy that you do that we are announcing a Hike Contest, immediately!

Cookies!

(Continued from page 33)

attractive bags means increased receipts.

Bridgeport Cookie Day was carried out in true Girl Scout style. From the central meeting place, orders were delivered and cookies sent to each table or booth. No Girl Scout sold cookies without her captain. The captains themselves had charge of all tables and special booths. The Officers' Association had charge of the funds.

The cookies were sold for twenty-five cents a dozen. Two hundred and eighty dozen were baked by the scouts and purchased by the citizens of Bridgeport. Two hundred and eighty times twenty-five cents represents the amount from Cookie Day. (Multiply it yourself!) Two hundred and eighty times twelve makes three thousand, three hundred and sixty cookies baked and sold! (Miss Margaret Griffith, a Bridgeport captain, did that multiplication for us!)

Baskets That Help

Market baskets, painted white, and with a large colored bow upon each handle, will display your Cookie bags in an effective way. These baskets, set side by side upon a table, with the bows of various blending colors, make a picturesque arrangement. If you are to give a play or pageant and wish to sell cookies between acts, the baskets look very pretty over the arm of a Girl Scout. Then, too, baskets are readily packed and distributed, thus doing away with too much handling of the bags in which your cookies are packed.

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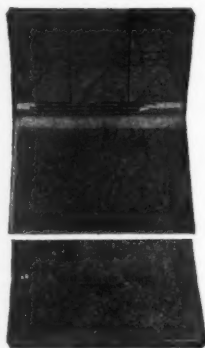
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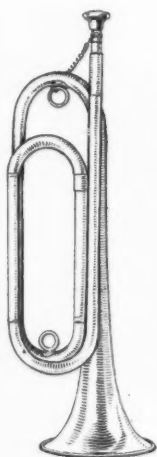
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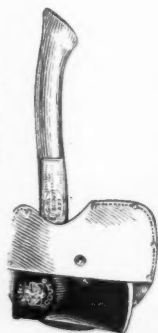
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The Golden Eaglet

(Continued from page 18)

bearer. They march to the front of the stage and lead all the Girl Scouts in the audience in the Opening Ceremony. They then return to the machine and the doors close.

Encouraged by their triumphs, the diligent Brownies dream of higher honors. Feverishly, they heap the funnel with Merit Badge material.

Real Girl Scout Tableaux

Next, the doors open upon a series of tableaux, displayed one at a time. Each tableau is to present the attaining of a Merit Badge. The Badges selected for these stage pictures may be those in which your troop is most interested. Think this over, carefully select those Badges which you wish to represent, then imagine your picture and how your girls are to be arranged in it.

The tableaux should be of contrasting types and should be as lovely to look at as you can make them. In Springfield, the Pioneer's Badge showed Indians about a camp fire, gay in their colored blankets and bead-work. The Musician's Badge showed girls dressed in pastel shades, the strangers in bright colors, and the artist in a bright blue smock with black velvet tam. Time and thought spent upon your color schemes is well repaid in the beautiful effects which you can produce with little cost.

Do not have too many tableaux. Do not make them too elaborate. A Hostess picture, a Camping picture, a Musician picture, one of the Athlete's Badge and of the Homemaker's will make an excellent selection. Novelty may be introduced where you desire them. For instance, when your Musicians are portrayed, one of the girls may sing or play upon a violin. When the Athlete picture is given, the girls may run from the machine, have a short lively game of some kind upon the stage, and return to the machine. If you have a Child Care picture, the Scouts sitting in the front of the audience may softly sing a lullaby. With your Camp picture, these girls may sing one or two camp songs.

The final scene is a Scout in uniform holding above her head a large cardboard Golden Eaglet. Three other Scouts are reaching toward it in various poses. Then the girls who are to receive Golden Eaglets march to the front of the stage where the presentation takes place.

Things you mustn't forget

It is very important to have the right kind of machine, one that is large enough, whose doors work easily, which is lighted effectively to display the pictures within, and which is hung with dark curtains against which the costumes will appear pleasingly. (Dark green is an excellent color for this.)

The machine may be made by girls working for the Handy-woman Badge and consists of a large machine with a wooden framework and wall board covering. If the girls are not skilled in their work, it may be well for you to have the making of the machine supervised by a local carpenter.

Where a number of girls appear upon a program, with fairly rapid changes of costume and entrances and exists, it is necessary to carefully plan your committee work and your staging. Mrs. Hobbs' article in the October issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL contains many useful suggestions which apply to our Rally programs as well as to the giving of plays. Re-read this article, thinking of your Rallies.

Remember, in making your plans: That your girls must exit and enter from the rear of the machine in order to prepare for the tableaux; That the ladder must be strong enough, the hopper large enough for entrances through the top of the machine; That the girls sitting in the audience must understand just what they are to do and when; That your audience will not know as much about Scouting as you do. So make very clear indeed all that is happening upon the stage.

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Stamps

By **WILBUR F. CANNON**

At this writing the new Harding stamps have probably been seen by almost every reader of this column. The stamps, 2 cents in value, were first put on sale at Marion, Ohio, one month after Mr. Harding's death. Three million copies was the number printed for the first issue. This stamp is the first black two cent stamp to be issued by the United States since 1866, when a black two cent Jackson stamp was issued.

We have had aeroplane stamps for several years, but with the beginning of the trans-continental aeroplane service the government issued a new set of stamps for use on aeroplane mail. The values are 8 cents, 16 cents, and 24 cents.

Possibly some of you would like these or other current United States stamps but your local post office may not have those varieties which you want. The government conducts an agency where collectors may secure perfect copies of current and late issues, at face value. Remittances must be made by money orders (stamps not accepted, and coins and currency sent at your risk), and must include return postage and return registration fee. The stamps are sold at face value. Address your orders to "Philatelic Agency, Post Office Department, Washington, D. C."

Stamp collecting is on the increase. During the last month the American Philatelic Society held their annual convention at which several hundred adult philatelists bought, sold, talked, and saw stamps. An auction sale conducted at the convention resulted in thousands of dollars worth of stamps being sold.

This American Philatelic Society is a national association for stamp collectors and has about twenty-five hundred members. These are adults, for the most part, although younger collectors are also elected to membership. This is but one of the many societies of stamp collectors, but it is the best and largest. There are thousands of collectors who belong to no societies and when these are taken into account, it has been said (and is on record in the Congressional Record) that there are over one million stamp collectors in the United States, with hundreds more joining the ranks every day! This is our reason for saying that "stamp collecting is the greatest hobby in the world."

COINS FOR SALE

100 Foreign Coppers, all mint red bright as gold dollars \$1.00
10 Jackson or Hard Time Tokens, all diff. 1.00
10 Confederate Notes, 1 Dollar to 100 Dollars 1.00
I want to buy as well as sell so if you have any old coins in the bottom of that trunk bring them out and I'll pay you a good price for them. Correspondence solicited.

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C. W. LARKIN
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All diff. \$.25 each. 100 Austria; 200 Europe; 25 Chile; 40 Czecho-Slovakia; 200 Europe; 25 Peru; 30 Roumania; 50 Sweden; 50 South America; 25 Uruguay; 25 Venezuela; 60 Germany; 30 U. S. Colonies.

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BRITISH COLONIAL and other fine stamps, on approval, at very low net prices.

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500 diff. stamps from all over the world, many unused and new issues, for.... 50c
200 as above, all nice clean stamps.... 15c
To all those ordering the 500 different, and sending reference for our new 50% discount approvals, will include, FREE 1000 "superior" hinges, and a perforation gauge.

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Contains stamps from the lands of cannibals, heathen, sun worshippers, and savages! Included are Travancore, Malay, Dutch Indies, Liberia, Siam, Africa, Abyssinia, North Borneo, Nyassaland, Zanzibar, etc., etc! This wonderful packet containing 110 all diff. (mostly unused) for only 8 cents to approval applicants!

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Newfoundland. Complete sets, Mint. Cabot, 1897, \$4; Royal, '98, 80 cts.; Coronation, 1911, \$3.50; Caribou, '18, \$3.50. 1919 PROVISIONAL SURCHARGED, 2c on 30c, 50 cts.; 3c on 15c, 80 cts.; 3c on 35c, 70 cts. New Issue 'Pictorial' 1c to 15c, (face value 86 cts.) \$1. Cash in advance, by Post Office Order.

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125 Different Stamps—all genuine—for 10 cents.

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200 Different Foreign	25c
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Desirable and Rare Selection sent on approval at 66 2/3 to 70% discount from catalogue prices. All perfect copies. References required.

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FINE PACKET STAMPS FREE for name and address 2 collectors and 2c postage. With 50% approvals. SPECIAL: All 10c each: 25 Asia and Africa, 25 So. Am., 25 Newrope; 25 Fr. Cols.; 25 Br. Cols.; 35 U. S. A.; 20 Australia; 10 Animal; 15 Pictures; 20 Finland, etc. 100 all diff. Eleven 10c packets \$1.00.

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Postage free

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Postage Stamps for Collectors 25 cents.

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MERIDEN

CONN.

A Letter from Our Founder

With real appreciation of the importance of our policy as regards bestowing the Golden Eaglet on the handicapped girl with physical disabilities, I take this opportunity to speak concerning the handicapped girl and our highest honor. It has been stated that the five requirements for winning the Golden Eaglet are character, handicraft, happiness, and service and that others will expect to find in our Golden Eaglets a perfect specimen of girlhood: mentally, morally, and physically.

May I suggest another point needed in the making of the girl who is to represent the highest type of Scouting? I feel that our greatest need is to present to the world and to the Girl Scouts themselves, a perfect example of the SPIRIT OF SCOUTING. Health is a great asset but it is offset by the gallant and heroic effort that these afflicted ones make in successfully overcoming disabilities and achieving splendid results in spite of their handicap.

It has been suggested that a special badge other than the Golden Eaglet be given these girls. My suggestion is to substitute various alternatives for the tests in the winning of the badge but that the Golden Eaglet itself should be within the reach of every Girl Scout.

In our First Class tests we have already substituted an alternative test for those girls who through some physical disability could not swim. It would therefore be quite consistent to give equally useful tests to the handicapped.

To help us in forming our future policy in this matter, I wrote to Sir Robert Baden-Powell and asked him concerning the policy of the English Guides in this respect.

In reply, he has explained that the English FIRST CLASS GUIDE is the same as our GOLDEN EAGLET. And he has sent me an extract from the Girl Guide book of rules, Section B as follows: "Guides may have First Class Tests altered to meet their special needs (substitute tests to be sanctioned by the extension committee), Guides passing this special First Class Test may wear the badge with the letter 'E'."

May I suggest that we appoint a committee to arrange alternative tests for the handicapped?

Julietta Low

100 NEW EUROPE FREE

All different to approval applicants sending 2c for return postage.

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2410 Prairie St.

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FREE 15 French Colonies mint

To applicants for my 60% discount approvals or better grade at net prices. Please send reference.

Omega album, holds 5000	\$1.00
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Send any roll and fifty cents for developing and printing and a sample enlargement. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. 50 Postals from one film, \$2.00.

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Art Corner Your Pictures-Album in an album where you can keep them safe and enjoy them always.

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HEMSTITCHING and Plotting attachment works on any machine—\$2, with instructions. **A. SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.**

\$50 a Week I made it with small Mail Order Business. Booklet for stamp tells how. Sample and Plan 25c. 12 Mail order articles FREE. **ALGS SCOTT, COHOES, N. Y.**

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In Outfit No. 4 is sufficient material to produce over \$100 worth of articles suitable for presents or for sale. The other outfits compare proportionately. We furnish instructions with outfit. Terms: Cash with all orders.

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Ballads, comic songs, novelty songs, roon songs. Clean, catchy hits that everybody likes, full sheet music with beautiful covers. Send for free catalogue. **T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept 216, CHICAGO**

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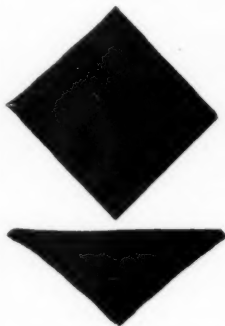
Our Shelves are Stocked with Christmas Presents

You can order direct from us



A truly reliable watch is a friend upon your wrist day and night, for its cheerful radiolite figures tell time at any hour of the twenty-four. Ingersoll Radiolite.

\$4.00



You can't make a mistake in giving Girl Scout handkerchiefs. A sufficient number would be an impossibility. With Girl Scout emblem.

Linen, \$.40
Cotton, .25



A ring with a trefoil seal. A truly scouting present for a Girl Scout. Don't you know one who would like it, or wouldn't you yourself?

Silver, 3 to 9, \$1.50
10K Gold, 3 to 9, 4.00

YOU can do your Christmas shopping easily and rapidly by mail, whether you live in the biggest city or the tiniest village of our country, for the Girl Scout National Supply Department has well stocked shelves, filled with presents appropriate for all your Christmas giving (and receiving). Just pick out the presents you want from our price list in your October copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and send us your order. Within two weeks you will receive the goods you desire; appropriate, attractive, moderate priced presents from our well stocked shelves.

Such an array of them! Girl Scout neckerchiefs in bright and charming colors; soft cuddly sweaters; sharpest knives of steel; warm woolen blankets for nights in camp; and tiny little presents for the unfilled corner in some Girl Scout's Christmas stocking (such as a whistle, a mirror, or a tenderfoot pin for a new Scout). We cannot mention all of them, or show you illustrations of many of them, but we can make a few suggestions on this page.

Let Our Price List be Your Christmas List

Send check or money order and be sure you have the amount right. A mistake will delay the delivery of your order. Write plainly. Print your name and address clearly. Give street number. Give sizes where necessary.

Girl Scouts National Supply Department

189 Lexington Ave., New York City



A sun watch is a present for anybody who is fond of hiking and the out-doors. Not only a sun-watch, but a compass as well. \$1.00



Let our compass be your guide. Map making, treasure hunts, second class tests, all demand a compass.

Plain, \$1.00
Radiolite, 1.50

Our Contributors



Augusta Huiell
Seaman

AUGUSTA HUIELL SEAMAN—are there many girls who do not know her name and who have not enjoyed "The Dragon's Secret" or "The Crimson Patch" or

"The Mystery at Number Six," her stories for girls? Perhaps Mrs. Seaman knows what girls like because she has a young daughter of her own. Or perhaps it is because she herself enjoys a good mystery and does not plan the end of her own stories until the mystery has gotten as mysterious as possible!

Her husband's work takes him to many interesting places. With him go Mrs. Seaman and her typewriter. We know from Nancy Lee that one such trip must have been to Bermuda. Don't you agree?

And don't you think FANNIE WARREN has shown us just how a girl *would* look if a turkey suddenly nipped her sweater and gobbled, "See here! What's this I hear about Thanksgiving?"

EDITH BALLINGER PRICE, whose books for girls are read and liked wherever girls are, belongs to us all and especially to New England since she is Wise Owl of a Brownie Pack in Newport, Rhode Island.

ROBERT FROST—our New England number would not have been complete without a poem from him who has given us all the hills, the old stone fences, the apple trees, even the people of the land of our first Thanksgiving. If Mr. Frost were to visit Camp Hoffman, of our Providence Girl Scouts, he would find there just such an old house as he loves to come upon. The picture with "The Pasture" is one of the Camp Hoffman house. The poem is reprinted from Mr. Frost's book "Selected Poems," by permission of the publisher, Henry Holt.

We wish EDNA GEISTER could visit every Girl Scout Troop and play games with you. But, since she

can't, her books, "Ice Breakers," "It is to Laugh," and "Let's Play," will bring those games to you. Doran publishes them and has kindly given us permission to publish two parties in *The American Girl*.

We played games with Edna Geister, one evening, in a large room, with many people. Everybody laughed. Everybody hopped on one foot or otherwise did just what she said to! Afterward, she told us that one reason she knows so many games is because she had a dozen or so brothers and sisters. In December, we shall have a Christmas party of Miss Geister's.

KATHARINE HAVILAND TAYLOR, our good friend, has written us a letter saying, "I am proud to have my stories in so fine a magazine as *The American Girl*."

But we could not have a Girl Scout magazine if it weren't for our own writers and artists. And this month, especially those from New England. There is Mrs. WILLIAM LYON PHELPS, author of our Book Notes, who lives in New Haven, Connecticut, and who can tell us so many interesting things about writers because she is personally acquainted with many of them.

There are the many Local Directors, Council Members, and Captains to whom Miss ALICE SANDIFORD, the Regional Director of New England, wrote and who in turn sent us pictures or suggested to their Scouts to write. To you all we say, "Thank you! Again and again, thank you!"

PRISCILLA WEBSTER wrote the story of the Patrol Leaders' Camp and Irma Jackson illustrated it at the suggestion of Mrs. FLORA B. MUNDY of Millis, Mass., who is chief of the camp. VERA WESCHE wrote about the Connecticut overnight hike at the suggestion of her Captain.

NATALIE DOWD and our Brownie who hasn't any name came to us through *The Trail Maker*, the Massachusetts Girl Scouts' Magazine. MRS. JAMES STORROW, MRS. ARTHUR HARTT, MISS RUTH STEVENS, MISS DOROTHY DEAN, MISS HELEN CLARK, MRS. RICHARD CONANT, of Massachusetts, sent us

pictures, wrote articles for us and never once said, "No!" to us.

MISS EDITH SINNETT, author of "The Making of a Golden Eaglet," has many original ideas for the Springfield, Massachusetts, Girl Scouts. MISS MARGARET GRIFFITH, who sent us the Cookie idea, made a miniature puppet stage with her Girl Scouts.

VIRGINIA PAUL's drawing reminds us to tell you that we need a heading for our Scout Fancies page, drawn by a Girl Scout.

Patrol Leaders' Camp

(Continued from page 15)

The record of these points and of patrol activities is kept by the girls themselves on their own totem poles. The totem pole system is another idea new to Scout camps. Each patrol has its own emblem.

A Good Patrol Leader, First of All

The day's program is varied and might almost be called irregular. Here Girl Scouts are not pushed from one class to another by bugle calls. Nor is a great deal of Badge work included. The acquisition of as many badges as possible, the acquiring of points for one cause or another has been set aside for what we feel is the greater ideal of learning first and foremost how to be good Scouts and efficient Patrol leaders—because it is for this reason that we come to the camp.

Campfire, Loved by All

Yet for all the pleasant minutes and wholesome work periods during the day, the hours by far the most dear to a Girl Scout's heart, the hours, memories of which return in after years, are those spent around the campfire. I speak here of the indoor campfire, the gathering around an open fire between four walls of good old homely pattern.

Picture to yourself forty-eight Scouts with their faces thrown into light and shadow by flames crackling from hewn logs of pine and old apple—Scouts who throughout the long full day have been drawn into closer comradeship with each other; who now seem to feel deep down, each in her own heart and way, the working of that mysterious something called Scout Spirit.

When Your Troop Turns Out Before the Public

*Are you satisfied with
your appearance?*

OR must you get down at the tail end of the procession among those *out* of uniform? Next time, don't you want to step up in the forefront of your troop mates among the trim, smart, uniformed Girl Scouts? Then get your parents to give you a uniform for Christmas.



Short Coat Suit

Size 10 to 18.....\$4.50
Size 38 to 42..... 5.00

EVERY year more parents are solving the problem of their daughter's Christmas gift by coming to us for a uniform. Tell your family about it. Ask your captain which of the styles shown is official for your troop. Be sure to order by size.



Long Coat

Size 10 to 18.....\$3.50
Size 38 to 42..... 4.00

NATIONAL SUPPLY DEPARTMENT
GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

189 LEXINGTON AVE.

NEW YORK CITY



ALONG THE EDITOR'S TRAIL

Every month and every week and every day, it seems, something happens to please your Editor! For one thing, just as we were writing that sentence, in came a story written and illustrated by a Girl Scout of Minnesota.

Another thing which greatly pleases us is that our Service File is already being used. One day last week the Local Director of East Orange, New Jersey, visited our office. Next day, the Local Director of Baltimore, Maryland, happened along. "Haven't you some pictures for us? Some new ideas?" they asked.

"Ah!" said we, with a wave of our hand, "Here is our Service File which the Girl Scouts and their captains are making with all the pictures and letters and clippings which they send in. Help yourselves." And they did!



So you see that what you send to The American Girl is a true service to Scouting, even though we cannot publish all of it in the magazine.

Another nice thing happened this month, oh! a very nice thing: we went to Minnesota for a Camp Conference. Does Conference sound rather awesome to you? Well, this Conference wasn't!

Everyone there was interested in Scouting and we were from eight states. We talked together in a room from whose windows we could catch glimpses of beautiful Lake Minnetonka.

Of course, we 'most got writer's cramp, writing down all the interesting ideas our Middle West Girl Scouts have. But what's writer's cramp if we get some brand-new ideas for the magazine?

Besides, the Girl Scouts of Minnesota, North Dakota, and South Dakota are to be our special editors for the January issue. (Send us your pictures by November first, Girl Scouts in those states.)

And everyone at the Conference liked our Christmas idea.

What is our Christmas idea? Well, we know that many scout fathers and mothers or aunts and uncles will soon be looking for a scout-like Christmas present for the Girl Scout of the family.

And we know that many scouts themselves will wish to give a nice present to their scout friends. What could be nicer, say we, than The American Girl for a year?

So we are having designed a most attractive Christmas card, which will tell the Girl Scout (or girl friend) who receives it that she is to have The American Girl as a Christmas present.



This card may be put with all her other presents on Christmas morning. Will she be pleased to find it there? We think so!

And we have a slogan for our plan: "Give it to a scout for Christmas."

Girls who wish to earn the magazine as a Christmas present for a friend may do so by securing three other subscriptions beside their own and a Christmas card will be sent to any girl for whom she requests it.

Don't you like our Christmas plan? The Girl Scouts of the Middle West are going to have "American Girl" days, they say, when every patrol will talk over the magazine and Christmas.

But this month is November and Thanksgiving, and our New England Girl Scouts are our special Assistant Editors. It is strange and more than a little thrilling to think of today's Girl Scouts hiking along the road of Paul Revere's ride.

Or passing by the very house where Louisa May Alcott wrote "Little Women." Or standing where Henry Wadsworth Longfellow listened to the "lashing, lulling sound of the sea" and returned home to write "A boy's will is the wind's will, And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."



Is it any wonder that it was in New England that our very first American Girls' Club was started? The story of it we all may read in Lucy Larcom's book, "A New England Girlhood."

What did that first Girls' Club like to do? The very things we like to do! Lucy Larcom tells us about their "flower-hunting rambles," their "sings" with a guitar, their magazine, written by themselves.

Up in an attic they wrote that magazine of theirs. And how they did love poetry! Many of these girls worked in a mill. So, after editing their magazine, they would take to the mill copies of poems which they loved. These poems they would paste upon the mill windows, near their machines. And when the machines came to the end of a "row," the girls would read the poems!

Today where Lucy and her friends had their Club, Girl Scouts hike and camp and sing. And we know that because that Club and the other Clubs among the "first" ones were such fun and so splendid, we today are able to have our outdoor good times without having folks say such things as, "Why girls don't go camping!"



All of which makes us wonder what kind of America we, as today's girls, are helping to build for the girls of tomorrow.

Henry David Thoreau, that wonderful American naturalist who lived in outdoors New England and who left us his book "Walden" that we may enjoy today all that he enjoyed, has told us, "Before we can adorn our houses with beautiful objects, the walls must be stripped and our lives must be stripped and beautiful housekeeping and beautiful living be laid for a foundation. Now, a taste for the beautiful is most cultivated out of doors, where there is no house and no housekeeper."

Do you not agree that this saying of Mr. Thoreau is significant for us, who are helping to make the America which tomorrow's girls are to know?

It is of tomorrow's girls that we are thinking as we remember our own happy days in New England, days when we have hiked along winding roads, those "highways dipped in trees," where we have glimpsed lovely old doorways through green leaves, and where the sun, setting, has discovered for us the white spire of some old, old church, gleaming against a gently sloping hillside.

Here is an Easy Way to Make Money for Your Troop

Sell the Famous Mason, Peter's and Nestle's Bars



A Fine, Rich and Satisfactory Milk Chocolate



Fresh Coconut, Vanilla and Bitter Sweet Chocolate

You Need No Capital to Start — We Allow You 30 Days Credit

All we ask is the names of two references. Order should be in the name of the captain.

Everybody likes candy. Friends and families of your troop would rather buy from you than from a store, for your candy will be fresh from the factory. Your girls can get their trade merely by asking for it and in this way they can build up a business that will bring in big profit for the troop fund.

When the case of candy reaches you (by express prepaid)—we suggest that you gather your troop together and work out together the details of selling it.

Thousands of churches, schools and societies have made big profits by selling our candy. You can do the same.

These are the assortments to choose from:

No. of Boxes	Selling Price	Cost to You Exp. prepaid	Profit
1—50	\$60.00	\$40.00	\$20.00
2—25	\$30.00	\$20.00	\$10.00
3—12	\$14.40	\$10.00	\$ 4.40

The order blank below gives the list of 5c and 10c sellers. Mark carefully the assortment you desire and mail order (without any money) to us today. The sooner you get started the quicker you will be making money. If there is any question you would like to ask before ordering, write us and we will give you our personal attention.



BYLUND BROTHERS, INC., Woolworth Bldg., New York City
CONFECTIONERS TO CHURCHES, SCHOOLS AND SOCIETIES

ORDER BLANK

BYLUND BROTHERS, Woolworth Bldg., New York City.

Dear Sir:

Please send to me, express prepaid by Bylund Brothers, Inc., the assortment that I have marked. I agree to pay for this candy as soon as it is sold and not later than 30 days after its arrival.

Boxes	Description of Candy	Selling Price	No. Pieces in a Box
1—	Peaks—Fresh Coconut covered with Chocolate	5c	24
2—	Mason Mints—Peppermint Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate	5c	24
3—	Golden Fleece—Caramel, Fresh Coconut covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
4—	Toros—Toasted Peanuts covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
5—	Honey Bunch—Coconut, Raisins, Bran, Honey & Milk Chocolate	5c	24
6—	Khufu—Coconut Cream covered with Chocolate	5c	24
7—	Cherry Bomb—Crushed Cherries & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
8—	Mason Wints—Wintergreen Cream Pattie covered with Chocolate	5c	24
9—	Almond Nougat—Almond & Nougat covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
10—	Almond Parfait—Caramel & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
11—	Black Crow—Box of Candy Drops with Licorice Flavor	5c	24
12—	Ban-Anna—Bananna Paste & Cream covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
13—	Masonilla—Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
14—	Trumps—Pineapple Jelly & Marshmallow covered with Milk Chocolate	5c	24
14—	Trumps—Pineapple Jelly & Marshmallow and Sweet Milk Chocolate	5c	24
16—	Nestle's Almond Bar—Toasted Almonds and Sweet Milk Chocolate	5c	24
17—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar	5c	24
18—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar	5c	24
19—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
20—	Nestle's Almond Bar (in Glassine Paper Bags)	5c	24
21—	Nestle's Almond Bar	10c	12
22—	Nestle's Milk Chocolate Bar	10c	12
23—	Peter's Milk Chocolate Bar	10c	12
24—	Peter's Almond Bar	10c	12
Total Price To You Express Prepaid is 80c a Box. Make Your Own Selection.			

References—

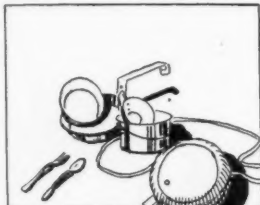
Name—1 Address

Name—2 Address

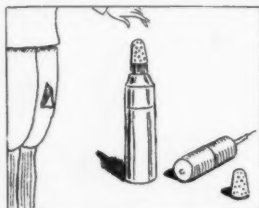
Signature of Captain..... Address



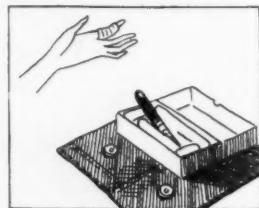
Let OUR Price List be YOUR Christmas List



A Girl Scout without a mess kit! Do you know such a Girl Scout? Then, quick, give her one for Christmas! Aluminum, six pieces...\$3.50



Rips do not respect time or place, but this in-spool sewing kit will be handy any time, at any place. \$.25



This first aid kit is good for the family medicine chest. Mother would like this, wouldn't she?
With pouch\$1.25
Iodine Antiseptic Pen,
extra50
First Aid Kit, No. 1.... 2.80

Do Your Christmas Shopping Early

And do it through the Girl Scouts National Supply Department. "Axes, belt-hooks, blankets, bugles," sings the Girl Scout Supply Department Price List. And so on down the line. Presents for every member of the family and all your relatives and friends can be ordered from us. A flash light for Father; a first aid kit for Mother; a sun-watch for your brother (and what brother would not like a sun-watch?); an in-spool sewing kit for sister; and something truly scoutish for your friends in your troop.

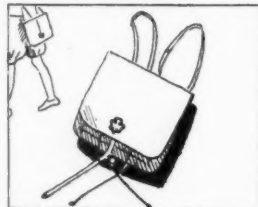
All you have to do is consult our price list (turn to the advertising pages of your October magazine) and pick out these moderate priced presents, a few of which are shown on this page.

Send check or money order to cover the amount of your purchases. Write your order clearly and *print* your name and address. Give street number.

The National Supply Department

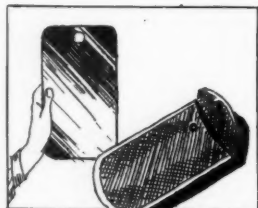
Girl Scouts, Inc.

189 Lexington Avenue, New York City

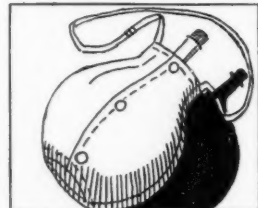


A haversack is really a hold all. Makes a good school-bag in between hikes.

No. 1\$2.75
No. 2 1.50
Shoulder Protection Straps
Per pair\$.25



There is no bad luck with this mirror. It's *unbreakable*. And it is good luck to get such a handy present. \$.25



A canteen will take enough pure drinking water for a hike—and back again.
Aluminum\$2.75
Tin 1.50

